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ENCHIRIDION CLERICUM,

OR

THE PREACHER'S GUIDE;

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

THE ART OF GETTING UP SERMONS.

PART II.

DELIVERY AND CANTING.

Transfigam.



LONDON :

PRINTED FOR C. CHAPPLE, PALL-MALL, AND J. BLACKLOCK,
ROYAL EXCHANGE.

1812.

280. J. 6^s 23.

4. The Commission has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

and in reply to inform you that

the Commission has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

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and in reply to inform you that

TO THE READER.

I AM aware that nothing ever was, nor ever will be written, with a view to expose the follies or imposture of the quacks in any profession, but the *galled jades*—those whom the cap fits, and who understand the satire *feelingly*—will endeavour to persuade the Public, that such an exposure of themselves *individually*, is an attack upon the profession at large. Dr. Solomon would doubtless exclaim, that the medical profession was in danger,—physic attempted to be brought into disrepute,—should you say that his splendour is supported by the wages of imposture and fraud. And my Lady Sanderson's husband, and my lady herself, would assuredly discover, that a blow was aimed at the Christian Religion; should his pulpit extravagance be treated with the derision which it merits. I am not, therefore, at all surprised to hear, that there are those who bring against the author of RELIGIONISM—the charge of “an attack upon the Church.”—Such a clamour was to be anticipated. But as no arguments have yet been brought forward to substantiate the charge; nor has it, indeed, assumed a shape which I think worthy of notice,—I shall not at this time adduce any arguments to refute it;—but, conformably with my first resolution, I will reserve all that I have got to say in defence

of the work, until it shall have sustained the fury of an attack, and need to be defended.

In this, courteous reader, thou wilt, of course, both allow me the credit of good generalship, (which is never more conspicuously displayed, than when it shews that it has a reserve for every emergency)—and also of dealing very fairly with my jury, the Public, in not attempting to bias their minds before the day of trial.

I shall, at this time, merely state to thee, what is meant by the Church, and when it may be said to be attacked;—and leave thee to judge for thyself, whether I am justly chargeable with such an offence. I shall then be upon the same footing with thee, as those who raise the clamour.—They cry out—"an attack upon the Church." Thou wilt here learn what the expression means. Thou wilt then peruse the work; and I think thou wilt say,—that it deserves no such censure.

"The visible Church of Christ," says the nineteenth article, "is a congregation of faithful men, in the which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly administered, according to Christ's ordinance, in all those things that are of necessity requisite to the same." Now this definition of the Church includes all faithful men,—clergy or laity,—who hold the pure word of God, and receive the sacraments according to the ordinance of Christ;—that is to say,—it is not applied to the clergy exclusively. The clergy are the ministers of the Church, and, as far as they go, and are faithful ministers, are the Church itself: but they have no more claim to that title exclusively, than any other body of faithful men. An attack upon the Clergy at large would therefore not be (*ipso facto*) an attack upon

the Church. The Church can only be attacked through its doctrines and discipline. If any one should maintain that the articles (or any of them) of the Established Church, are not the pure word of God, he would of course be justly chargeable with attacking the Church,—through its doctrines. And if he should maintain, that the sacraments are not duly administered, according to Christ's ordinance, he would commit the offence of attacking it through its discipline. But I maintain, that no attack upon the Clergy, which meddles not with these points, is reprehensible on that ground. If I should assert, that pluralism is a great abomination, and that it is an insuperable obstacle to the growth of true religion (as the people can never, nor ought to be, persuaded, that the Clergy are sincere believers in the doctrines which they preach, while they observe their practice to be so diametrically opposite) I humbly conceive, I should be so far from attacking the Church, that I should be its advocate. For although plurality of benefices be countenanced by the canons, I recollect no canon which makes it heresy for a man to say,—that *such things ought not to be*. And should I affirm, that the mode of preaching, which has long been in use among the Clergy of the establishment, is disgraceful to them, and justly brings upon them the charge of laziness, inability, want of zeal, and want of knowledge, I will not admit, that I should do any violence to the Church. For neither article nor canon has directed, that sermons shall be delivered, after the manner that school-boys deliver their lessons; but this practice was the innovation of an age of profligacy;—and in any other but an age of profligacy, it would be reformed. And if to attack the Clergy *at large*, would not be (*ipso facto*) an attack upon the Church; much

less would it amount to such an offence, to expose the folly and affectation, of what is called popular preaching.

And this, courteous reader, I apprehend, is all that is attempted in RELIGIONISM, and the work which I now lay before thee. Read, and judge for thyself. I will not attempt to warp thy judgment, by prepossessing thy mind with any opinion of the works. I merely tell thee what they are *not*. What they *are*, their internal evidence alone shall decide. If that be such as to convince thee, that the Author is the enemy of hypocrisy, of *trick*, and delusion, do not set him down as the enemy of religion. For these are the direct opposites of every thing, which is justly entitled to that sacred name. Practical religion is humanity;—and the enemy of hypocrisy is the friend of man; consequently the advocate, not the oppugner, of true religion.

ENCHIRIDION CLERICUM,

OR,

THE PREACHER'S GUIDE.

PART I.

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia suntu.

Sweet,—sweet's the word,—but make your sermons sweet,
And every charm is given them, which is meet.

ARGUMENT.

THE subject proposed. The art of getting up sermons the first thing to be attended to. But you must previously know your congregation. Different congregations require different style and matter of a sermon. This owing to the different circumstances of individuals in society. Directions about the choice of texts. Remarks on the importance of a text. The different kinds of texts. Two remarkable ones particularized. Directions for preparing sermons. First, original ones. Secondly, directions how to choose volumes of sermons, necessary to such as will not undertake to compose. Mock manuscript, and pretended originals. An anecdote. Another anecdote. The regenerating art;—or method of rubbing up old sermons. The Andean mode. The Agerbian mode. Rule. Anecdote of the country lad and gosmanchick. Rule about transcribing. Conclusion.

ENCHIRIDION CLERICUM.

PART I.

WHOE'ER the Preacher's art would learn, draw near;
That art I teach, by rules and precepts clear.
Oxford and Cambridge, send your sons to me,
To learn to preach, and take a new degree.
'Tis your's to dub them Graduates in Arts,
But Pulpiteer's Degree my verse imparts.

Art guides the vessel thro' the trackless deep,
By art the hireling mourner learns to weep ;
By art the raw recruit, in Bird-cage walk,
Acquires the measured stride, and learns to stalk ;
By art, to rule their husbands, gentle brides
Are quickly taught ;—art too the Preacher guides.

Proud of her guide, Bath carrols Anstey's praise,
And pleaders bow to younger Anstey's lays ;
In Epictetus Stoic maxims shine ;—
His Enchiridion their's ;—the Preacher's mine :

In me their friend and guide the Clerks shall view ;—
Their Anstey I, and Epictetus too.

How sermons are *got up* I haste to shew :
For 'tis to these your fame you *partly* owe :
Thus Billington,—thus Catalani shines ;
Their *tones* require the aid of Poet's lines.
And though 'tis sound, not sense, that all admire,
Yet sounds the vehicle of words require ;
And therefore justly does the Poet claim
His share, however small it be, of fame.

RULE.

At prius ——

But first, or ere you dip your pen in ink,
Your wits assemble ; set your head to think ;
And deeply meditate, ere you proceed,
What sort of *little* flock you have to feed.
For vain the labor, ill-bestowed the toil,
Which plants at random in an unknown soil.
The winds, the weather ;—whether damp or dry
The atmosphere,—serene or black the sky ;
The native properties, and those of use ;—
What every earth will not, and will produce,—

The skilful planter sets himself to learn ;
So must the skilful Preacher to discern
His congregation's temper,—views—be sure;—
Condition,—habits ;—whether rich or poor.

Here nought but Gospel, Gospel will go down,—
Grace, faith, new-birth, election,—Heavenly crown :
There, frigid moral truth is all in all,
And Epictetus ranks at least with Paul.
These doctrinal,—truths practical those claim ;
Doctrine suits best, where conscience whispers blame.

Who has not seen, where Anna's saints abound,
A thousand ears pricked up to catch the sound,
Of " Blessed evening, blessed church and place ;"
And " Oh ! the riches of redeeming grace ?"
But take a turn in Swallow-street, close by,
Where —— ——n chatters ethics, like a pye ;
And sure you'd think a play-house opened there,—
A Sunday diletanti for the fair ;—
So jambed together, in a shining train,
The glittering chariots crowd the narrow lane :
'Till, hark !—a voice ;—" what, John, not preach to-day !
Not Mr. —— ——n preach !—then drive away."

In short, 'tis nature's ordinance, where wealth
Abounds,—luxurious ease, gay hope, and health,

The voice that speaks not pleasure must be dumb :
Avaunt, the terrors of a life to come !
Religion is endured, but not carest,
And not endured, if once its rules molest.
And, therefore, when she's called to teach her lore,
Her bright side she exhibits, and no more.
But where old maids, of offers who despair,
Rail down the joys they cannot hope to share ;
And, in austere religion seek the charms,
In vain long sought for in a husband's arms ;
And when, the dream of wealth, and grandeur past,
Defeated avarice slacks its pace at last,
And envious of the wealth it cannot reach,
Delights to hear a surly cynic preach !
When all the splendid pomp of coach and four
Is, like the fabled fox's grapes, grown sour ;—
There Preachers, if they please, the rich may curse,
And call each buxom maid a —— or worse.

But where hard Fortune presses, and hard fare,
Hard labor,—primal curse, and constant care ;—
And where adversity's heart-mending rod
Has taught the wretch to put his trust in God ;—
There pure religion, guileless and sincere,
Speaks her whole mind : for these have ears to hear.

This point well managed, 'tis your business next,
Adapted to their taste to chuse a text.

Now, texts are various, and the rules no less,
That guide your choice;—here need you much address.
'Tis true,—the grand distinctions, long and short,
All texts include, of ev'ry shape and sort.
And not unfrequently, 'tis quite enough
To choose them for their quantity of stuff.
Some twenty verses let your text contain,
Then preach, as preach you list, your point you gain.

At other times be short enough your themes,
And every eye with satisfaction beams.
Short text to these gives proof (not always wrong)
You will not keep the pretty folks too long.
And by this hope, attention wak'd, they'll strive
Some fifteen minutes' space to keep alive.

But other circumstances claim regard
In choosing texts, and meet their sure reward.
Examine well the service of the day,
What lessons, gospel, and epistle say;—
'Tis strange indeed, if these or those don't give
Fit matter, whence to teach us how to live.
And then you'll find occasion, in due course,
Your doctrine, or your precept, thus t' enforce,—

“ As says th’ inspired penman, prophet, seer,
In such a place of sacred writ, you hear.”

And thus the high renown, you cheaply buy,
Of genius, and originality.

Thus philanthropic Preachers use, and thus
Dean — —ws, Messrs. — —e, and A — —s.

There are, whose rule ’tis, ne’er to choose a text
This week, for sermon to be preach’d the next.
For why ?—because, observers strict and nice,
Of ev’ry passing folly, frailty, vice,
They wait to see what time will bring about,—
What card-party, faux-pas, elopement, rout ;—
And then, with Cruden’s kind assistance, try
To find a scriptural text that will apply.
A text, well-tim’d, is what alone they need ;
All know what’s meant ;—who runs the truth may read.
Such text as this will any sermon suit,
Add but a sprinkling of damnation to’t.

Nor less observant these of all fracas,
’Twixt neighbours,—slanders, backbitings, faux-pas.
For ’tis their plan to have it thought by all,
They write their sermons as occasions call ;—
And their ambition to delight old maids,
By railing down the younger jilts and jades.

But, for that they such vast expense of brains
Could ill support, nor yet bestow the pains;—
A well-timed text the sacred tome supplies,
Which, glancing at the folly, as it flies,
Stamps their discourse original, and such
“As present manners need, alas!—too much.”

To some, a scrap, instead of verse, hath serv'd
Their turn, and great applause (how due!) deserved.
“Old shoes and clouted,” and, “Top not come down,”
Are still the conversation of the town.
“Dry bones,” and “dead men’s bones,” and every shred
Is made a text; if it but name the dead.

Yet ’tis maintained, and logic should decide
(For who but bows to sage logician’s pride!)
That ’tis mere trifling, foolish waste of breath,
To preach of death, where nought’s affirm’d of death;
For ’tis no text, they tell us with grave face,
Unless some proposition it embrace.
Yet who disputes of that famed text the fame,
That Christians first at Antioch got the name?
For as courts make not kings, but kings make courts,
And there ’tis court, where majesty resorts;—
So where a sermon follows, ’tis absurd
To disfranchise the text, tho’ but one word.

Nor let this last its mountains fail to move;
 And be not weary in the praise of love.
 'Tis not instruction, 'hark you, we require,
 Which you, not less than we, no doubt require;
Our understandings you pretend to feed,
 Or guide our actions!—to your own take heed.
 From you, imagination claims a feast;
 Come!—serve us up th' apocalyptic beast.
 Whose type?—"Napoleon's; horned by Josephine:"
 What;—cuckolded, pretend you, by his queen?—
 "Yes!—'twas her character;—and thus cornuted,
 Napoleon's to the beast exactly suited."
 'Tis thus, if your discourses you compose,
 That you must learn to manufacture prose.

RULE.

At si non fuerit.—

But, if you're conscious of a barren soil,
 Or feel averse from intellectual toil;—
 And if your neck sustain the cumbrous load
 Of head that knows not, yet must teach the road;
 Then 'twill behove you, borrowed light t' assume,
 As did the saucy bird the peacock's plume;—

Or as Jove's wife, to bless her husband's nights,
The girdle of the queen of soft delights.

And here my art shall teach you to discern
(What much 't imports a plagiarist to learn)
What sermons best will suit ; the rules whereby
Their shape is made to fit you, to a tye.

And first, selection's rules you must be taught ;
What books will best repay you,—hired or bought.
For numerous are the tracts, immense the store
Of sermons, and of tomes of sacred lore.
Not trees with leaves more prest, than groaning shelves
With works divine,—octavo, or in twelves :
And cumbrous folios ;—so prolific once
Were reverend brains ;—alas ! how changed their scone !

Of tracts, by my advice, you have no need ;—
Why purchase books that you will never read ?
Too great the toil,—the study too severe,
To seek the matter of a sermon here.
When found, the scattered members to unite,
Is scarcely less perplexing than t' indite.
My art an easier way than this shall shew,
Or share the fate of Pandarus's bow.

The volumes placed before you, first you count
The number of discourses, and amount

Of pages, and of matter in a page :
For 'tis not now, as 'twas of old, the rage,
To sit an hour, and hear a spintext bawl :
No ; brevity, with us, is all in all.
No sermons now, nor periods of a mile ;
Concise your argument,—concise your style.

You therefore choose those volumes which embrace
The greatest number in the smallest space :
Of letter-press, some twenty pages, say,
To each discourse, if loosely printed, may
Suffice ; and be not negligent to note
The period's length, and if the writers quote
Much Scripture : for with us 'twill not go down ;
Quite obsolete, and antiquated grown.
But if, in other points a sermon please,
'Tis true, you can retrench, and cancel these.
But this requires some pains to be employed,
Which, 'tis my wish, that you should quite avoid.

Next mind you, that an ample space extend
(Its width the measure of your finger's end)
The lines between : for there the leaf you scrawl,
And so bedaub with copperas and gall,
That, gallery critics foiled, you preach secure ;
The zig-zag characters the print obscure.

Add, that a word occurring; or a verse,
Appropriate,—here you've space to intersperse.
And be't your fixt resolve to put aside
Those authors, who divide and sub-divide ;—
And then infer, deduce, occasion take,
Some practical improvement thence to make ;—
And in conclusion promise to explain
The subject farther, when you meet again.
For this remark be sure to keep in view,—
The *new*'s the attraction ;—something new.
And 'tis a work, surpassing your address,
Such wire-drawn speech and doctrine to compress.
Take you your matter equal to your strength,
Weigh well your pow'rs against your sermon's length ;
This done, you'll be convinced, nor overfreight
Your shoulders, quite unequal to the weight.

Observe the date ;—if work of former age,
'Tis ten to one the author's off the stage.
Some fifty years if it have seen the light,
You pilfer safely, as a thief by night.
A recent date might leave you in the lurch,
The author still alive might be at church ;
And thus might compliment your preaching fine,—
“ *I thank you for that good discourse of mine.*”

Take notice what editions 't has gone through ;—
You may not purchase it, if more than two.
If twice or thrice re-edited, reject ;—
There may be readers where you least expect.
For 'tis a work of some repute which stands
This test ;—be sure 'tis found in many hands.
Yet rare the works of grave divines which keep
Their public stations, when the authors sleep.

The drudgery of transcribing to prevent,
Her friendly aid kind art again has lent ;
And chirographick types has kindly giv'n—
The preacher's,—last, best, noblest—gift of Heav'n.
With these, nor skeleton he needs, nor hint ;—
Mock-manuscript usurps the place of print ;
And Grub-Street toil its friendly aid supplies
To make abridgements of convenient size :
Then, lo !—from Ave Mary's teeming press,
Forth issue sermons in their pulpit dress :
How light the labor,—these within your reach !—
But learn to read, and you have learnt to preach.

Should Sunday come upon you unprepar'd,
And previous time to read have not been spar'd ;—
These in your pocket put, at church with ease,
May be perused, in prayer time, if you please.

There are who ransack shops, and shelves, and stalls,
For what, *originals* the vender calls ;—
But such originals, by my advice,
If once you've preach'd, you'll shun to preach them
twice.

Tho' manuscript, not counterfeit, but true,
You'll find them counterfeit, and current too :
As counterfeit as Birmingham's base coin ;
For those that write them every word purloin :
As current too ; for not by you alone
Possessed,—but called by many a fool his own.

And now your tir'd attention to relieve,
Instead of rules, an anecdote receive :
For not by precepts only, Doctors sly
Instruct ; but now and then examples try,
Which to incite, or to dissuade, avail ;
The first *they* aim at most ;—the last *my Tale*.

ANECDOTE.

It happen'd once at Liverpool, they say
('Twas at the Mother Church, and on a day
When worshipful, the Mayor and Corporation,
Were wont to hear a mighty fine oration ;)

A spruce Divine, whose attics were, no doubt,
 Within tho' brainless, frizzled well without,
 Held forth (distinction rare to be allowed)
 Before his Honor, and the splendid crowd :
 And much he labor'd to display his powers,
 And scatter'd thick his spangles, and his flowers ;
 In short, was so impressive in the cause
 Of Church, and State, and Liberty, and Laws,
 That all admir'd, and gave the due applause ;
 And thank'd him for his sermon, and averr'd
 'Twas much the best, that e'er was preach'd or heard.

With down-cast look (so modest) and the grace
 Of faltering speech, and blush upon his face,
 And right hand press'd upon his heart, avowed
 The young Divine, " that—that—he was more proud
 " Of such a compliment ;—yes, felt it more,
 " Because that sermon ne'er was preach'd before.
 " For 'twas his own ;—the fruit of his own brains,—
 " Composed for that occasion with great pains."

So all were pleased ;—the Preacher with his bays ;—
 The rest,—to think so well-bestowed their praise.

At evening service, mark you, what befell ;—
 And do not laugh ;—but mark th' instruction well :

You'll need not my assistance, to discern
What lesson 'tis for you from hence to learn ;—
The Rector preach'd, and not apprized, of course,
Of t'other's text, and drift of his discourse ;
But eager too, to compliment the day,
And by an apt discourse his powers display ;—
And like the other, all agog for fame,—
He preach'd an apt discourse, he preach'd *the same*.
The congregation star'd,—the Preacher star'd,
To see his flock, as at a strange dog, scared.
But how the matter was explained, if e'er
You visit Liverpool, enquire you there.
Doubtless, each claimed the sermon for his own,
And thus contrived to satisfy the town :—
“ Coincidence of language and of thought
Must needs occur, to minds congenial, fraught,
And swelling with their subject, and on fire,
To blaze, as time and circumstance require.”
But learn you hence, what dire mishap befalls
Originals, procur'd at shops and stalls.

ANOTHER ANECDOTE.

Once on a time, a Clerk of high renown
(Peace to his bones, long since to earth gone down)

Ineog, and unsuspected sat an hour,
To hear of dulcet sounds a copious shower,
In a strange church, where he had chanced to stray,
To spend the morning of the sabbath-day.

The service ended, and the Preacher come
From forth his tub,—ecclesiastic drum,
Forthwith the hierarch grave occasion sought,
To pay the thanks and compliments he ought.
For not less gratified was he, 'tis said,
Than Poets are, to hear their verses read.

“ Good sermon, well digested, quite complete,
“ In all its parts ;—the language pure and neat.
“ Much labor, doubtless, and much time you've spent
“ On this *chef-d'œuvre's* finished argument.”
“ Oh, no !—a mere effusion ;—without pains
“ Composed, and little waste of time or brains ;
“ That is to say, some half a day or so
“ It took me, ('twas replied) short space, you know.”

“ Astonishing !—a wond'rous feat in truth,”
Rejoined the Prelate to th' incautious youth.
“ For be assured (and here he gave his name)
“ It cost *me* many days, to write the same.”

Then learnt the fop, and felt his dire disgrace ;—
The bishop's own discourse, before his face,

At once to preach, and vilify, you see,
He'd had the honour,—the felicity.

Relaxed your mind, by these digressions short,
To rules and precepts we again resort.
What next the science teaches will reward
Your undivided thought, and fixt regard.
A precious art, forsooth, I come t' impart,—
The much esteem'd, regenerating art;
Regeneration, not of life, but lore,
By which you renovate your dusty store
Of doctrine stale, and moth-eaten,—from sire
To son descending, and deduced still higher :
By some the art of modernizing hight ;
By some,—of burnishing and rubbing bright.
There are who merely call it to disguise ;—
But this distinction, I suppose, applies
In cases chiefly, where the work's bestowed
On publish'd volumes, which have gone abroad.

Here different masters, different ways have taught,
And each, his own the surest method thought.
The Andrean mode, by some is thought the best ;
By some th' Agerbian ;—so of all the rest.
This called of Andrew,—but not Simon's brother ;
Of him for whisker'd jaws *once famed*, the other ;

Unwhisker'd now, at length, and beardless seen;—
 RELIGIONISM !—thy razor shaveth clean.
 First of the first; St. — thy namesake aid,
 Who loves thy Preacher, and the Preacher's trade;
 And gladly would his little all expend,
 Thy Preacher's fame and influence to extend.

ANDREAN MODE.

You take a volume,—Tillotson's (not Blair's)
 Or Wilson's, Warren's, Marshall's, Conybeare's,
 (The Doctor of that name, of high renown,
 Not him whom now St. Botolph calls his own);
 Or Doctor Samuel Clarke may serve your need,
 (Only t' expunge his scriptural texts take heed)
 Or Doctors Barrow, Doddridge, Watts, Ibbot,
 Or Barnes; (with Atterbury meddle not;—
 Too famed the sermons of that great divine,
 Too justly famed, to bear a touch of thine.)
 You take a volume, and a sermon chuse,
 And chosen, once or twice with care peruse;—
 (Of course 'tis understood, my art expects
 Your text first chosen as the rule directs)
 You note the heads, what topics they contain,
 The drift of argument, of thoughts the chain.

This argument has interest ;—then select ;—
That's antiquated,—obsolete ;—reject.
'Twill not avail you now your cheeks to burst,
With railing down the Popish doctrines curst ;
But little understood, in these late times,—
Invective stale, as Curl's or Blackmore's rhimes.
But should you fear to cut your cloth too short,
By quite expunging topics of that sort ;
Or should you think invective gives a grace,—
Put Calvinism or Calvin, in the place
Of *real presence* ;—*absolute decrees*
Will supersede indulgencies with ease ;—
And reprobation's dread, tremendous sound,
Than *bulls* more loud to bellow will be found.
First, second, thirdly, fourthly, fifthly, try
To do without, or thus to modify,—
“ My next attempt shall be to shew ;” or say,
“ Now give attention to what follows, pray.”
Again, and furthermore, and to insist
Still further, if quite dropt, will not be mist.
More modern phrases suit the present taste,
“ Next to explain, we come, proceed, or haste.”
The essay style you may not oft adopt,
Where all arrangement and division's dropt ;

Such points as these be careful to expound,
 "The number seven, in ancient books, is found
 Infinity of number to denote;"—

But quote no proofs;—no, no!—let pedants quote.

"Matter of small concernment," where you find,
 Expunge, and immaterial put for't, mind.

And say not, hark you, "these words do imply;"—

'Tis antiquated, monstrous,—pass it by.—

Say not appeareth,—seemeth,—but appears,

And seems: for *lugs*, wherever found, put ears.

For *questionless*. St. Paul *did* mean *hereby*,

Say,—“doubtless 'twas th' Apostle's meaning;”—try

These *dids*, so out of fashion, obsolete,

To put to flight, where'er you chance to meet.

You may not Barrow's scraps of Greek retain,

And then translate, and then the sense explain;

'Tis what the Andrean method quite disclaims,

Which meddles not with crabbed words and names;

Which, more intent on smoothness of discourse

Than nerve,—lubricity prefers to force;—

And satisfied with polished phrase and sleek,

Dispenses with the pedantry of Greek.

One rule, than all the rest of more import,

Is, that you cut the periods very short.—

Long-winded sentences you must divide ;—
This serves, at once, th' original to hide,
And aids delivery ;—then most perfect found,
Where stops, and breathing places, most abound.

These rules, and some few more, (but these the prime)
The Andrean mode requires, you learn in rhyme ;—
And doubt not but the method here set down,
Will make old sermons new ones, and your own.

TRANSITION.

Nec tamen.——

And yet, when you've complied with all the rules,
It sometimes will occur that meddling fools,
And certain snarling monsters, critics hight,
May vex and tease you, and your harvest blight ;—
As does the wicked goose, and gobbling crane,
Or endive's bitter roots, the golden grain.
And then you'll say,—“ to meet such base return
Is hard, when you've bestowed much pains to learn.”
'Tis true, to aim at pleasing, and to pass
Uncensured, we've the miller, son, and ass,
A standing proof, how fruitless the attempt ;—
And preachers must not hope to be exempt

From all vexation, trouble, and turmoil;—
 Their way not always smooth, but trod with toil
 Sometimes, their tutelary god decrees,—
 A necessary check to *torpid ease*:
 Lest sloth should spread its empire, and reduce
 Their minds to brutish level, by disuse.

THE AGERBIAN MODE.

Th' Agerbian method claims attention next;
 And this requires the aid of striking text.
 My previous rules you'll need to recollect,
 Which guide the preacher's choice in this respect.
 'Tis not, as in the former method, spun
 From one material,—finished and begun,
 That is to say, and fashioned all its limbs,
 From one discourse's arguments and whims;—
 But various sermons various parts supply,
 To form this mass of crude deformity.

Exordium *one* supplies; or this, perhaps,
 You'll find composed of various purple scraps:
 Here his whole art th' Agerbian should display,—
 Here thickly spread his flowers and spangles gay;
 Here all his powers combined expect to see,—
 Soul-moving strain,—heart-melting melody.

Unlike the bird of Juno, which—but plain
In front,—has all its beauties in its train;
Th' Agerbian shews a finely painted face,
While all besides is flat, and void of grace;
Reversing that famed rule by Horace moved,
Which twenty generations have approved,—
“ Not smoke from flame, but flame from smoke to
strike,”—

End but in brightness,—open as you like.

'Tis not of much importance, mark you next,
That this should be connected with the text:
Its scope and topics general as you please:
Such passages as are procured with ease,
From Magazines, and those productions sage,
Yclept Reviews, the lanterns of our age;—
Which guide our steps through error's darksome
plains,

And make us learned with so little pains.
These, strung together, with Agerbian skill,
One third your sermon's compass ought to fill:
And here let all your tenderness appear;—
You cannot be too sentimental here.

Your heads, or common places, next you chuse;
And 'tis of slight importance which you use.

For all, to all occasions, will agree,
And all discourses, as to one, you'll see.

For heads, by this new method, are no more
Than empty boxes to contain your store;
And just as well th' entrusted treasure hold,
Be 't copper coinage, silver, lead, or gold.

The plain and simple rule is, that you give
Two heads,—th' affirmative and negative.
A third should you desire to introduce,
Be 't this,—“ the application or the use.”
And then be sure to instance much, and prove
Who will, and who will not, be blest above.
These should you wish to flatter, those to shock,
These are, those are not, of that little flock.
What faith implies, good works, repentance, grace,
'Tis easy to explain in every place:
For when you take in hand to prove, I wot,
Who Christians may be called, and who may not,
'Twill not be foreign to the question, then,
To talk of faith; for those are Christian men,
You'll say, who faith possess; and who possess
Faith, you'll remark, do works of righteousness;
And who such works perform, repentant are;
And these are led by faith,—their polar star.

The subject to continue, say,—“again;”—
 And make a minute's pause;—'tis not in vain—
 And furthermore will not be ta'en amiss;—
 The Andrean mode rejects it;—not so this.
 But here, *variety* you must not heed;
 'Tis not the rule; *again*, is all you need.
 Transitions various, other modes prescribe;—
 Not so the dogmas of th' Agerbian tribe.
 And always use the plural number,—*we*;—
 To egotise would great presumption be.

Your matter whence to draw, give next a thought,
 And how to form, and fashion it, be taught.

RULE.

About borrowing from French Sermons.

French writers brilliant passages supply;—
 Saurin, or Fenelon, or Bossuet try.
 If French you can translate, smooth *le chemin*;—
 See what a treasure opens in Saurin!
 The true sublime and sentimental too;—
 Give word for word;—'tis all you have to do.
 Eternity!—dread thought!—how well portrayed,
 Eternal death!—how awfully arrayed.

In all its terrors by that master hand!—
 Conceive the measure of a grain of sand,
 Mark its proportion to the countless store,
 That bounds the billows on the winding shore;—
 Such time is to eternity;—no more.

Conceive a bark, forlorn in th' ocean wide,
 At midnight, struggling with the wind and tide;
 Conceive it lost,—abandoned to the wave,
 Beyond all hope of human power to save:
 Heart-sickening thought!—conceive the anxious crew
 Still cling to life, with nought but death in view:
 Conceive all this, in miniature you see
 A picture of eternal misery.
 Such passages be sure to find a place
 To introduce;—they'll add a wond'rous grace.
 But then, forget not, authors must be named
 Sometimes, lest you for plagiarism get blamed;
 And then, not only you the charge refute,
 But gain, for learning sound, the high repute.

Sermons of sectaries you must also sound,
 Where much peculiar Christian doctrine's found;—
 Watts, Doddridge—may be ransacked; scraps from
 plays
 Are not forbidden; if you need a blaze.

Talk much of death-bed scenes towards the close,
Of orphan children,—faithful partner's woes.

You need no peroration by this rule,
Which bids defiance to the classic school;—
And all its pathos on th' exordium spends ;
Except a touch at intervals of—" Friends,
" Dear friends,"—" sweet friends;"—while classic
dogmas shrewd,

All this would have reserv'd till we conclude.
Reverse the classic rule, and that will give
Th' Agerbian to a tittle, as I live.

At present, these are all the rules you need ;
But—*mark me!* 'tis required they have good heed.

Some easier mode perhaps, you may desire,
And think that these too much address require :
'Tis true, without a moderate share of brains
Your labor might be lost, and all your pains :
But then,—a sheep's head, you'll be pleased to mind,
On Preacher's neck we don't expect to find.
I'd gladly make the way as smooth as oil ;—
I do remember me ;—to ease your toil,
There's one rule more, which had my mem'ry slipt ;
I'll give it you, of all *ambages* stript.

RULE.

Sed tamen alternis facilis labor.

But lighten'd much your labor, if you learn
 To give us Blair and Tillottson, altern.
 As thus ;—be Tillottson's the heads ;—and next,
 Let Blair explain and amplify the text.
 Then Tillottson the scriptural proofs shall give ;—
 Then Blair shall moralize, and teach to live :
 Only be not ashamed to shew your skill
 In scattering flowerets ; cull them where you will.
 For thus, your hearers gulled, will lose the thread
 Of Tillottson ; or Blair, if they have read,
 (His matter and his text, not here preserv'd,)
 Will not be recollected, if observed.

There's yet another, which to those applies
 Who preach from mem'ry, or extemporize.
 'Tis that when arguments and phrases fail,
 You introduce an anecdote, or tale ;—
 Which if well-tagged to your discourse, and joint,
 So much the better ;—'twill be thought in point :
 Thus should it be the drift of your discourse,
 That scriptural truth and doctrine to enforce,

That children must their fathers' sins atone ;—
Thus, by analogy, it may be shewn.

ANECDOTE.

The Country-Lad and Gosmanchick.

It happened that a country-lad (forsooth,
A sturdy, raw-boned, Somersetshire youth)
As through a farmer's yard he chanced to wander,
Was furiously assaulted by a gander ;
Who, with a parent's watchful eye and care,
His unfledged, cackling brood, protected there.
The lad not daring to engage the sirc,
Who hissed, and flapped his wings, and swelled with ire ;
Yet meditating vengeance for th' offence,
Sneaked off, and skulked secure behind a fence :
And while th' exulting braggart boasted loud,
And back retir'd, in noisy triumph proud,
The wary *garçon* aimed a stone so well,
That by his hand an ill-starred gosling fell.
The farmer, witness of the direful fray,
Called out, " What kill'st thou gosmanchick for, aye ?"—
The lad, like that slow beast, with thistles fed,
By Ajax well resembled, when he fled;

Retreated slowly, grumbling this reply ;—

“ Didn’t fadder of your gosmanchick bite *I* ? ”—

Here, I might add, (wer’t not that you’ll complain
Too many precepts make attention vain,)

What mode of writing out the rules prescribe ;
And in what fashion Preachers should transcribe.

Some, regular as print, the work require,
And spacious margin,—paragraph,—desire ;—
All substantives with capitals begun,—
And *God*, and *Lord*, conspicuous as the sun :
And sure enough, this mode will much assist
Whoe’er would wish to brandish much the fist.
For with less difficulty, when you begin
A sentence, its whole compass th’ eye takes in ;
Nor need one hand be kept a pris’ner vile
(Whene’er you greet the galleries with a smile,
And deign to shew the glories of your *face*)
Close chained, to guard your book, and keep the place.
Your eye thus aided, roams the page secure ;
And always confident, is always sure.
The period is pervaded at a glance ;
You see the end, one step e’er you advance.

The Andrean, and the Moorish tribe, ’tis said,
Could give you much instruction on this head.

Others again, more slovenly, on scraps
Prefer to write, or scribble, as it haps :
Regardless they of gesture, look, and tone,—
Content to make their erudition known.
To some, this trick secures the high repute
Of learning, with but small pretensions to 't.
If you'd be thought a man of talents rare,—
Above the drudgery of writing fair ;
And heed not whether ladies praise or blame
Your elocution,—this your way to fame.

RULE.

Humida solstitia atque Hyemes orate secundas.

But pray for weather calm, and cloudless skies,
To guard your leaves, and to assist your eyes,
Whene'er you mount the rostrum to hold forth ;
Lest, bursting from their cave, the south and north
At once the heavens with cheerless gloom o'ercast,
And through the pulpit drive with furious blast ;
Your sight obscure, and all your leaves disperse,
Like those inscribed with that Cumæan verse.

This art who first invented, should you seek,
Ask him renowned for twenty minutes Greek ;

Corruption's sink,—a venal — —'s crimes,
And all the dread presages of the times,
Will furnish ample matter for thy rhimes.

}

Nor doubt but time will spare th' indignant lay,
When Chatham's bones are dust, and mine are clay :
My name to John Lord Chatham shall not yield,—
The Poet to the *Terror* of the Field.

ENCHIRIDION CLERICUM,

OR,

THE PREACHER'S GUIDE.

PART II.

Vox et præterea nihil.

Voice makes a Preacher; voice alone can add
A charm to language, whether good or bad.—*Ench.*

ARGUMENT.

***SUBJECT** proposed. Invocation to the god of music, in preference to the god of eloquence. Great importance of the voice. Distinctions thereof. In tone, and modulation of the voice, respect must be had to congregations. The voice to be trained. Fundamental axiom. The means by which the voice is to be trained; pronunciation to be regulated;—the Preacher's manner of delivery, &c. to be formed. Rule. Principio sedes. Rule. At prius. Peculiar tone, and compass of voice,—how to be acquired. How to learn to bawl. How to acquire a cadence. Different notes, how acquired,—of rage;—of grief;—of despondency. Love-whisper, how acquired. Attention-catching whisper. The whine of Kemble. The doleful cant. The deep sepulchral. The Agerbian slender, &c. Of models of delivery. The Pantoniagn. Apostrophe to Venus. The Kemblean. Apostrophe to Fortune. Of prayer. Supplemental rules. Rule of contrast. Rule of restraint. Spectacles, Trick. Canting. Conclusion.*

ENCHIRIDION CLERICUM,

PART II.

DELIVERY, &c.

THUS far the sermonizing art I've sung,
And now to other notes the lyre be strung :
Much yet have you to learn, and I to teach ;
Or vain your wish to mount the tub to preach.
Forthwith a feast of honied sweets to share,—
Mellifluous shower of dulcet sounds,—prepare.
Hither Apollo, music's god!—for here,
Not sense, but sound prevails,—sound sweet and clear.
Awhile through groves of Pindus cease to rove ;
Thou'lt find our churches vocal as thy grove.
Thee I invoke : let Hermes, if he will,
Indignant rob me of my grey goose quill,
For spite his numenship that I decline,
In his own province, and appeal to thine :

For eloquence of speech 'tis his to guide,
But thine o'er music's graces to preside.
Hither Apollo come, and share with me,
A rich repast of vocal melody.

What recommends a Preacher to the choice
Of congregations,—rich and poor?—his Voice.
For what are popular Preachers most admired;
For their acquirements?—yes,—for tones acquired.
“A charming voice, indeed,” my lady says;—
“A charming voice;”—and here concludes her praise.

Some say the vocal powers are near allied
To other powers, which men are wont to hide.
For 'tis a shrewd remark, and was observed
By wits of ancient times,—“as nosed so nerved.”
And this same pointer, worn upon the face,
Can give to speech, and can withhold from 't,—ga
When formed with spacious cavity, 'tis found
To give a full, smooth, mellowness to sound;
Its length not less contributing in aid
Of lengthening out the notes, as they are made;
But if confined its space, and small its size,
'The sound, for want of tube sufficient, dies:
'Tis therefore no presumption to insist,
That such connection may, and does exist.

And since so great the voice's consequence,
With this, delivery's science, I commence.

Of voices the distinctions are,—smooth,—rough,—
Bass, treble, tenor, contre-tenor, gruff;—
Deep-toned, full-toned, and slender-toned, or shrill;
All these require some management and skill.

For 'tis not in a church's hollow gloom,
As in your closet, or the drawing-room ;
Where effort none's required, your voice to rear,
That all may hear whom it concerns to hear.

Or, if required, 'tis rather to repress
Your voice's clamour, and with smoothness dress.
But in a church's lofty space, and wide,
Crammed with a gaping crowd from side to side,
To hear some Pulpit Thespian play his part,
To pierce th' unechoing void requires great art.
Hard work and tough, without vibration's aid,
To make your tones th' unyielding space pervade.
Still-born the sluggish inharmonious strains,
Drop from your lips, and clattering discord reigns.

To modulate your voice, and to prolong
The varied tones, and speech convert to song,
Must next be learnt;—leave random work to fools;—
No Preacher e'er was wise without the rules.

Might interrupt your musical employ,
Defeat your labours, and your hopes destroy.
Some village church, sequestered, ivy-twined,
From busy hum remote, not hard to find.
Or (since I would not send you far from town)
Hampstead, or Hackney, might your labours crown;
These quite detached, of modern shape and size,
At once would aid your voice and feast your eyes.
Or Chelsea College might, to serve a friend,
Its spacious hall, or echoing chapel lend :
Or Greenwich Hospital, could you debar
From entrance, and from noise, the blustering tar.
Here by one friend accompanied, (not more)
Rehearse some favourite sermon o'er and o'er.
The pulpit you must occupy, while he
Is stationed at the aisle's extremity.
And 'tis for him to note whate'er offence
Is given to th' auditory, or visual sense.
" That word requires more impulse,—greater stress ;
" This note must be prolonged,—that sounded less.
" Provincial dialect is there betrayed ;—
" 'Tis *said*,—pronounce it *sed*, I pray,—not *sayed*.
" Nay!—there your Scottish *wi'ths*, and *würds* affright ;
" That *mon*, and *moine*, and *thoine*, are vulgar quite.

- " The opposite extreme !—oh fie !—refrain ;—
- " Be satisfied to speak correct and plain.
- " 'Tis Heav'n, not Heav'n ; not *into* but *un* ;
- " Such affectation do take care to shun.
- " That emphasis, observe me, is misplaced ;—
- " What follows, too, run o'er with too much haste.
- " That's ludicrous !—what, saddle *me* the ass !
- " Correct that emphasis ;—'twill never pass.
- " Too quick succession, there, of words !—the sound,
- " Quite indistinct, ere 't reaches me, is drowned.
- " The right hand moved too much ;—too much you saw
- " The air ;—indignant at th' offended law.
- " More gently there !—yes, there you do't with grace ;
- " Only distort not quite so much your face.
- " You bawl too loud !—piano !—softer tone !
- " Nay ! there too low your pitch ! 'tis perfect drone ;
- " Between the two ; truth lies betwixt the twain,
- " You'll hit upon it if you try again."

'Tis thus your monitor must lop and prune
 Your wild luxuriance,—keep your voice in tune ;
 And, now and then, a note or two throw in,
 As masters use who teach the violin.
 For specimens, not less than rules of art,
 Or admonition's hints, much help impart.

RULE.

At prius.—

But ere your fame and fortune you confide
To mortal man,—first be his worth well tried ;
His judgment,—secrecy,—and frame of mind :
If gamesome, and to levity inclined,
You may not choose him for this sober game ;
Behind your back he'll laugh, and cause you shame.
And even by his suggestions,—still intent
On fun,—mislead you ; mischievously bent ;
And teach you such extravagance of style
And manner,—as will make the gravest smile.

As waggish Cantab, or Oxonian rake,
A brilliant Latin speech desired to make,
For some poor, simple, unsuspecting youth,
Puts nought but senseless jargon in his mouth ;—
With laughter Heads of Houses split their sides,
While — pours forth the Ciceronian tides ;
Or while Agerbus pours the silver flood,
And wins the glorious prize,—a scarlet hood.

Another, envious of your fame, corrects
Your beauties, and your blemishes neglects ;—

Then gratified the most, when least you shine,
And least approving what is truly fine.

Another, over rigid, nothing leaves
Untouched; nor cares how much his pupil grieves;
Each darling grace of cadence,—action chaste,
Obliged to yield to his fastidious taste:
He'll leave you but a skeleton of voice,
Shorn of its beams,—its tones, inflections,—choice;
And soon with choler you'll begin to swell,
To hear called errors, what you love so well.

Of such beware;—and him your Mentor chuse,
Who, having given, to take will not refuse.
Reciprocal your services, you spare,
What each loves most, and mutually forbear.
One chains not down the proud aspiring toe;
The other lops not Moorish cadence, low.
At disproportioned utterance one connives;—
Unchecked by t'other, affectation thrives.
Thus —s, and —n, Scotchman-like, agree,
Their maxim, “I'll scratch you, if you'll scratch me.”

Peculiar tone and compass to acquire,
And depth of voice, or shrillness, who desire;
(For fundamental tone must first be laid,
The ground whereon embellishment's displayed)

By discipline and practice win the day ;—
For even impediments to these give way.

Demosthenes, with pebbles in his mouth,
Speaks confidence to every stammering youth.
The pebbled shore, and deep resounding beach,
Of young declaimers still within the reach :
This their arena,—this the place of drill
Of all who would aspire to pulpit skill.

Here whistling winds and dashing waves supply
The various tones of vocal melody,
Nor less their varied accent ;—organ pipes
Must yield the palm to these their artless types.
Loud roars the surge, impetuous on the shore,
Dashed foaming ;—then recedes with softened roar.
The Boreal pipe throws in its piercing notes
At intervals, and shriller music floats.
Then bursting furious, swells with deep-mouthed pride,
And roars in bellowing concert with the tide.

Autumnal months the time I recommend ;—
For then their charm the bathing-places lend :
And thus two points at once are gained ;—you share
The converse of the waves, and of the fair.

Of months for your excursion, 'tis confest,
September, or October is the best ;

For rough and boisterous weather oft prevails,
When Sirius yields to equinoctial gales;
Than which, more furious arbiters the main
Knows not,—nor skilled to swell the mingled strain.
Then most improvement you may hope to reap,
The ladies fav'ring, and the winds and deep.

You'll ask me by what rules these masters teach,
And how the winds and waves instruct to preach.
Have patience with me, and I'll tell you all!
And first;—suppose you wish to learn to bawl:
Intent you stand, and silent, till at last
You see th' approaching wave, and hear the blast:
Anon it nears the beach, while more and more,
The winds encrease, and swell the mingled roar.
Then 'tis your time, your mouth to open wide,
And join the concert of the wind and tide.
Now louder, and yet louder, swells the note;
Now more, and more, and more, you strain your throat;
Nor cease your labouring bellows still to urge,
Till on the beach bursts the tremendous surge;
Then cease your effort, but not yet respire;
For as the winds blow less, and waves retire,
You catch the dying murmurs, and essay
To sink your cadence, as they sink away.

Till mute the murmur, and the dying sound,
In the next surge's hollow note is drowned.

'Twere labour lost, though easy task, to shew,
How every pitch of voice, both high and low ;—
How every accent, cadence, tone,—desired,
Might thus be cultivated, and acquired.

The whistling winds, the hern's discordant cry,
The shriller notes of rage and grief supply.
The distant roar of winds, and hollow moan
Of rising tempests, grief's desponding tone.

Here too soft whispers, love's peculiar strain,
Are learnt,—though not in converse with the main ;
But gentler converse, with the lisping fair,
As on the beach you stray, to take the air ;
Some light coquette will condescend to hear
Your oily accents, whispered in her ear.

'Twas thus that — — practised once, 'tis said,
Whom Venus taught to preach that he might wed ;
The oily, smooth-tongued candidate for fame,—
Dear to that saint who bears a sovereign's name.

But, fixt your lot ;—you cannot well go down ;
The cares of life have fastened you to town.
A trip to Brighton, or the Kentish coast,
Pleasure apart, would be your life's proud boast.

For then, perhaps, like Clarke, and others since,
 You'd have the luck to preach before the Prince;
 Well;—courage still!—avaunt unmanly fears!
 London will lend you sounds, if you have ears.
 Ten thousand wheels that run their rattling rounds,
 And all the rich variety of sounds;
 The deep-mouthed Jew's,—the baker's, butcher's, cry;
 Ear-piercing blasts of news-retailers sly;—
 Chair-mender's well-attuned and cheerful call,
 The dustman's inharmonious dismal bawl;
 The doleful cant of many a dog-led blind;—
 All these, and more, not difficult to find,
 Will furnish specimens of every kind. }
 Such vocal graces would you make your own,
 Doubt not but practice will your wishes crown.

How sweet the morning dawns on Primrose Hill,
 (Dear spot of earth; though graceless, lovely still!)
 There take your stand, and catch the distant din,
 What time to move the rattling wheels begin;—
 When now, announced by orient blushes red,
 Aurora rises from her husband's bed.
 By distance mellowed, and chastized, the sound,
 Th' attention catching whisper will be found;—

Such as great Preachers use, when 'tis in vain,
So loud th' incessant cough, their lungs to strain;
Then, by *abrupt transition*, 'tis their aim,
To rouse attention vagrant, and reclaim.
The aisles are hush'd, some doctrine new and strange,
Agape to hear, preluded by the change.
This whisper, thus acquired, will well repay
Your frequent visits here at dawn of day.

THE WHINE OF KEMBLE;—HOW ACQUIRED.

The whine of Kemble should you make your choice,
And on that model wish to form your voice;
Of easy access, and not far to seek,
The bristled melodists will lend their squeak.
Pork-butcher's slaughter-house has oft been known
Good specimens to furnish of this tone.
The rule, if this expedient be approved,
Requires that you attend those scenes unmoved;
And join in chorus with the plaintive wail
Of those sad mourners, led to death, from jail,
But if of sensibilities too fine,
To witness bloodshed, though but blood of swine,

(Which 'tis not hard, but easy to suppose
Of one who on the whining system goes,)
Then does the rule direct that you provide
Some good performer of the bristled hide;
And in a wicket, gate, or other frame,
Make fast his neck;—then will the churl exclaim;—
And struggling, all his vocal powers exert,
Which you, by mimic art, to use convert.
Silenus-like, this animal in chains
Made fast, is then most liberal of his strains;—
In this analogous the swine and god,
As in their sensual proneness to the clod.
Yet not exclusively this note's confin'd
To music-masters of the bristled kind;—
Those vocal dames, who teach the streets to ring,
And dying-speeches cry, or ballads sing,
No mean proficient are esteem'd, and could
Give profitable lectures, if they would.
Their services, 'tis thought, would not come high;
The rule directs, should you this method try,
That some extensive field shall be the scene,
Where trees and hedges interpose no screen;
Lest foul suspicion should asperse your fame,
And say you meet, to play some other game:

For sure enough, the charge of wanton rake,
Appearances too plausible would make.
On this account the rule's express and clear,
That Copenhagen-House you come not near;
Where fields enclosed with hedge-rows overgrown,
Vile brood to harbour in their shade are known.

THE DOLEFUL CANT;—HOW ACQUIRED.

The deep monotony, and doleful cant,
So well adapted to prophetic rant;
And much in use, in every gloomy age,
With those who dreams interpret or presage:
(Southecotians, Millenarians, and Trimmerians,
Kettites, and Whittakerians, and Faberians;)
Two able masters I can recommend
To teach;—their lectures fail not to attend:
Peripatetics both,—in Russell-Square
Well-known;—distinguished by their matted hair;
Uncomb'd, and loosely tossing in the wind;—
Alecto's snaky locks not more entwin'd:
Dog-led, they slowly pace the streets and ways,
And pour the dismal strain, and doleful phrase.
In Dyot-Street, at night, their labors done,
They'll sell you specimens, and give you fun.

THE DEEP, SEPULCHRAL,—HOW ACQUIRED.

The Moorish, deep, sepulchral, would you learn ;—
Your school's a dairy ;—your pitch-pipe, a churn.
The servant maid will lend her voice t' inspire
The hollow vessel ;—pitched as you desire ;
While straining all your powers of wind and throat,
You burst, symphonious with the hollow note.

Here, too, th' adjoining paddock will afford
The deep-mouthed accents of the dew-lapt lord :
But here be careful, that a hedge or ditch
Secures your person, ere your voice you pitch ;
Lest, for a rival taken, you should share
The bull-dog's fate,—be gored and tossed in air :
The horned champion, by your voice misled,
Might rush to fight, and toss you o'er his head.

Th' Agerbian slender, silver-tinkling strain,
Chair-mender's note will teach you to attain.
The Andean deep, though clear, elastic swell,
The clash of cymbals teach, or stroke of bell.

These fundamental tones you first acquire,
And then to higher excellence aspire.

This progress made, quite smooth behold the road ;
Advance, and add the finish to your mode.

Of modes, the number to recount, would take
 More time than should be wasted for their sake ;
 Much more, their latent principles to shew,
 From whence effects so multifarious flow :
 Yet, since of models you require the aid,
 Not less than precepts,—two shall be display'd ;—
 Alike renown'd as sources of delight ;—
Pantonian this, and that the *Kemblean* hight.
 This called a *πρω*, et *τοπος*, as 'tis known
 For richness and variety of tone ;—
 And that from him, the Thespian Preacher fine ;
 Famed for his cadence, and his love-sick whine.

PANTONIAN MODEL.

First of the first ;—Apollo, lend thy lute,
 Or lend the mellow softness of the flute ;—
 In vain my harsher voice, unaided tries,
 With such mellifluous totes to symphonize.

Soft as the zephyr whispering through the sheaves ;
 Soft as the trembling Aspen's chiding leaves ;
 Or soft as lovers' whisper'd vows, in bower,
 Or shade, by moon-light, and at midnight hour ;—
Pantonian Preacher, skilled to please the fair,
 In softest murmurs whispers forth his prayer.

St. —e, thy crowded aisles, intent to hear
The dulcet sound, may strain and prick the ear;—
But let them pray in spirit, as they gaze,
Or vain their wish to join in prayer and praise :
'Tis well if they can catch the distant sound,
Nor lose it quite, by louder breathing drown'd.
But sounds articulate to hear, in vain
The ears to stretch, or lengthen'd neck to strain.

Happy, thrice happy ye, whom gallery-seats,
Bless with the full enjoyment of those sweets !—
To you the soft *Æolian* notes convey
Soft syllables, that teach you how to pray.
I see you bending forward, wrapt, inspir'd
With sympathetic glow,—with holy ardour fir'd.

Hark !—louder swells the note ! rejoice, ye aisles !
At last, some fav'ring god propitious smiles,
And more distinct the dulcet murmur brings ;
As when a fuller breeze th' *Æolian* strings
Sweeps ;—louder, and yet louder swell the notes,
And rapture rises, as the music floats.

Be thankful, distant gazers, that you've heard
One syllable distinct,—if not one word ;
And think, your disappointed ears t' appease,
That ladies too have ears, soft ears, to please.

And should Pantonian Preacher pitch his voice,
And suit his cadence to your taste and choice;
Then what was thundered forth that you might hear,
Would not be melody to beauty's ear;—
But ladies near at hand, and leaning o'er
The gallery-front, be deafened with the roar.

Your Preacher rises,—list what follows next;—
You lost the prayer;—lose not, be sure, the text.
One half the sermon you may chance to miss
Unheard, unheeded, unregarded,—this.
The fault's your own, if you that loss sustain;
For, sure, 'tis given deliberately and plain:
Though half a chapter it contain of stuff,
'Tis twice repeated all; sure, that's enough:
With frequent pauses, which the sense bespeak
Abstruse and dark, as Aristotle's Greek.

Now mark the Preacher; heed not his discourse;
A fig for argument, or rhetorick's force!
Voice makes a Preacher;—voice alone can add
A charm to language, whether good or bad:
Thus 'tis not poetry on which we doat,
But Billington's, or Catalani's note.

Oh, charming voice!—oh, sweet melodious tone!
Oh precious gift of beauty's queen alone!

For who that love-inspiring strain beside
Could give,—of power to win a soul, or *bride*;
Not more pre-eminent of taste the pine,
Than for its luscious tone that voice divine.
Heavens !—what a copious shower of honied sweets;
What dulcet melody the senses greets !
How soft, how feminine, how weak, how strong !—
How more than speech, and little less than song !
How powerful, how sonorous, and full-toned ;
And strong as hardy rustic's voice, raw-boned !
Yet how chastised and mellowed, as to move
All hearts to pious tenderness and love !

Now mark the finished manner here displayed,
And see enunciation's, gesture's aid ;—
How vocal powers to their assistance call
The oral organs, face's muscles, all.
See, how the lips in close conjunction meet,
Each nice articulation to complete !—
Then see th' elastic muscle's dimpled grace,
And all the drapery of the Preacher's face ;
When tight and close, together drawn, with shake
Of head, accompanied, their place they take ;
And, finished with precision, what's in hand,
Awaiting further orders, marshalled stand :

Like prancing steeds, prepared to scour the plain,
Which champ the foaming bit, and hang upon the rein.
Here mark the use of periods, short and round,
Where frequent pause, and intervals abound :
These aid the voice, give leisure to respire,
And gestures intermingled grace require.
Then see the well-proportioned frame assume
A posture, perpendicular to the dome,
Erect and tall ;—then who so blind but sees
The head perform its part with graceful ease ?
As when a lady, formal and precise,
Reins up, to shew her teeth, and breeding nice.
Then see both hands to th' shoulders twain applied
To make the gown sit close, on every side.
Then mark the finger-play, correct and chaste ;
The lily hand's well-regulated taste :—
See how it rises as the Preacher fires,
But never higher than the chest aspires :
Then on the cushion falls, with gentle tap,
As if 'twere prest upon a lady's lap :
And see how faithful to the side, each arm
Sticks fast, lest vagrant it should cause alarm ;
And sad mishap of petticoats ———
Accrue from outstretched arm, or brandisht fist.

From th' elbow upwards, fast as in a noose,
'Tis kept skewered down, like wings of spitted goose.
Behold the finger prest upon the book,
And on the right hand gallery fixt a look,
(How full of deep intelligence, forsooth!—)
While, hark you! he explains that sacred truth;
And proves, howe'er the contrary's maintained,
The sacramental rites by Christ ordained;
And to confirm the point with all his strength,
Relates the Gospel record, at full length.

Then hear him swell, indignant at the thought,
That few attend it duly as they ought;
That this his own experience served to teach,
Where'er by lot or fashion called to preach :
Fitzroy, th'—y—m, testified the same;—
St. —e, and every saint, where'er he came.

Then hear the swelling strain, distinct and clear,
And catch the sound, with wide-stretched open ear.
Hark how it floats, sonorous, loud, and strong,
Yet still chastized, and musical as song !

APOSTROPHE TO VENUS.

Oh gentle goddess of the blushing cheek,
Queen of the rosy smile, and dimple sleek;

But most of all the cadence mark; 'tis there,
 The Preacher studies most to ape the player.
 Mark well the pause, and measure well its length,
 Which gives to emphasis its force and strength.
 A stop-watch in your hand of use you'll find;
 You count the seconds then, and bear in mind;
 And at your leisure practise o'er again
 Th' attention-catching pause, not marked in vain.

T' approach the fountain head if you're debarred,—
 Too poor your purse to pay the rich reward;
 Or leave should he refuse, for pounds bestowed,
 To take a rough draught of his *naked* mode;
 As Charles Fox the statuary, 'tis said;
 Not anxious to survive, in stone, when dead;
 There's one can teach the art at second-hand,
 Of access easy, quite at your command;
 Estranged from every churlish motive,—fame
 His object sole;—the art to spread, his aim;
 A Pulpiteer, regardless of the fee;
 For why?—to be esteemed of high degree,
 And not a Preacher *of necessity*.
 And that with workmen who receive their pay,
 His name may not be mentioned, the same day.

And therefore shall it not be mentioned here,
Lest tainted by my breath it should appear.
But for distinction's sake, and, as 'tis said,
T' avoid offence, Huettus use instead.
In prayer, how mighty!—see up-turned his eyes;
In rapturous thought he soars above the skies.
The *pigmy* body to the pulpit's given;
Not so the soul, but gone post-haste to Heaven.
See by his hands close-clasped the cushion prest,
Then see them gently moved towards his breast;
Then at the name of Jesus see him now,
Low bending, sweep the cushion with a bow;
His hands, together clasped, meanwhile descend,
In close conjunction with his nose's end.
Now see him rise;—now, from his pocket, look,
He pulls his handkerchief and sermon-book.
And thus gives proof he prayed without the aid
Of book,—as 'twas not previously displayed.
Now hear him preach, and mark the plaintive moan,—
The *à la Kemble*, whining, love-sick tone!—
But mark the cadence with observance nice;
Catch that, and you are Kemble in a trice.
'Tis hard of acquisition, as *B* flat
To singers;—yet in time you'll have it pat.

And all the grace of this distinguished mode,
Depends on time and practice here bestowed.
Mark with what skill Huettus hits it off;
And let the senseless and the tasteless scoff;
And say, " 'twere better, unadorned and plain,
" To pour your speech than ape a player's strain;
" That pulpits soon will lend their cushioned shelf;
" To Kemble's elephant, or Kemble's self."
Mark well the voice suspended, and the pause
Before the word which finishes a clause ;—
The lower note, and reverential nod,
That add a graceful emphasis to—God.
Mark how preceding pause, inflection, can
Point out his highly favoured creature—man.
And when he recommends deportment—lowly,
And bids you mind to keep the sabbath—holy,
Mark how distinct the final word you hear,
With pause before, inflection in the rear.
For was not sabbath rest ordained and given,—
The blessed medium of man's peace with Heaven?
And when ourselves he mentions, how debased,
Mark well contempt, expressed with Kemble's taste;
Then mark the contrast, when he comes to shew
God's majesty, by voice depressed and low.

Ourselves! as full and loud as he can bawl;—
 Our God!—distinguished by a mighty fall.
 Observe you next how horror is exprest,
 With tremulous accent, and a tone deprest;—
 “ Must all our thoughts one object sole employ,—
 “ And that,—the paltry schemes of human joy?”
 (There mark the shuddering horror, and the tone
 Deprest,—bestowed upon the close alone.)
 “ For sabbath-rest full many little care,
 “ Much less devotion;”—mark the horror there.
 “ Oh God!—oh God!”—(that interjection, *oh!*
 Mark,—how Siddonian, tremulous and low.)
 “ Yet on religion pure depends our all;—
 “ With this our country's weal must stand, or—fall.”
 “ Our heart's best wishes speed their flight on high,
 “ And on the wings of prayer ascend the sky.”

King John, was 't Fortune's frolic, or thine own,
 That gave thee to the stage, and robbed the gown?
 For if so well adapted be thy whine
 To sacred pleadings, and the cause divine,
 What pity 'tis that Fate, with buskins shod,
 Gave to the stage, and stole thee from thy God!

APOSTROPHE TO FORTUNE.

What wanton frolics, Fortune, dost thou play,—
 Defrauding this thy vetary, that to pay ;—
 By thee misplaced, a Bishop treads the stage,
 And Pulpit Thespians in our churches rage.
 Dubbed minister of state by thee, we've seen
 An Addison ;—and statesman Swift ;—a dean.
 And other *deans* and *ministers of state*,
 May thank thy freakish humours that they're great.

This mode from action's aid no grace receives ;
 Both hands, you see, must wait upon the leaves ;
 And this hold fast the book, and that turn o'er
 The leaf,—and keep good watch the eyes before.
 But then, “ the peace of God is given by heart,”
 When action, unrestrained, performs its part.

See first the Preacher's left-hand waved with grace,
 And southward tow'rs the gallery turned his face,
 While the first words are uttered ;—from the side,
 Then turning to the front, while th' organ's eyed,
 He gives a sentence more ;—the cushion grasped
 Meanwhile, supports his hands together clasped.
 Then facing to the right, a quadrant wheel,
 Its portion to that side, behold him deal,

With right hand graceful waved ;—then turned again
To th' front, both hands outstretched, what words remain.

Mark well what finished grace is here displayed,—
How much a blessing owes to action's aid !
And would you shine the Roscius of the gown,
This Roscian model strive to make your own.
Nor less its use than ornament, observe ;—
By this your hearers all alike you serve ;
And thus avoid the imputation vile,
Of partially distributing your smile ;
While, favouring none, you equally divide
Voice, look, and gesture ;—true to every side.
And these complain not that you slight their sect,
Nor those,—their partizans that you neglect ;
Turned round and round, like goose upon a spit,
Before your congregation, party-split.

These models shall suffice ; well copied these,
If souls you save not, souls at least you'll please.

OF PRAYER.

Respecting prayer, one word I have to speak ;
For here I should not leave you quite to seek.

A common prayer the like occasion serves ;
But great occasion something new deserves.
'Tis easily accomplished, if you chuse,
With every new discourse new prayer to use.
For high authority has lately fixt
The true-distinction, new and old betwixt.
Some half a dozen words or so left out,
Or added,—old make new, beyond a doubt ;
And, “hear them,” “read them,” “mark them,” once
condemned,
At last the tide of prejudice has stemmed ;
And, vanquished censure, won its way to fame,
By —— sanctioned, and redeemed from shame.
You may not talk of *bleeding hearts*, in prayer ;
Save on your knees to some obdurate fair.
It once was tried, but failed, as well it might ;
Bombast, and super-sentimental, quite.

SUPPLEMENTAL RULES.

By way of supplement, a rule or two
Receive ; and then to dogmatism adieu !

RULE OF CONTRAST.

This rule enjoins that Preachers should take heed,
If e'er to preach by proxy they have need ;
That such their substitute have no pretence
To preaching fame, nor pulpit eloquence.
For thus, their proper lustre fears no soil,
But brighter shines, contrasted with their foil :
Their proxy lends his blemishes and flaws,
And braves disgrace, to purchase them applause.
'Tis thus Agerbus shines by — —tt's aid ;
And kind Mc— — lends his *midnight shade*.

But take you care, whene'er this game you play,
To tell your *people* that they stay away.

RULE OF RESTRAINT.

This maxim learn, and ponder as you ought,—
That,—over-eloquent is good for nought.
Well said the Bard,—the scourge of vitious Rome,
“ Great eloquence accelerates your doom ;”
A burning light, consuming in a blaze
The body whence proceed its *scorching rays* :
Learn then to check your powers, nor *vainly* strive,
By *naked truth*, and copious speech, to thrive.

The bounds are fixt by custom,—teacher dumb—
 Beyond, and short of which, you must not come :
 But, in surpassing, most you have to dread,
 Except your end you gain,—if loved when dead.
 For peace on earth expect not to enjoy,
 While envious tongues can blacken and destroy.
 Hope not to scorch the envious by your fame,
 And live in quiet, blest with a good name.
 Action, by all means check ;—perhaps in Heaven
 (On earth impossible) 'twill be forgiven.
 Involuntary, say you, move your hands ?
 Then keep them by your sides, made fast with bands :
 The brandish'd fist, of all things, does most harm ;
 Old women, one and all, will take alarm.

You may not spring too much, nor forward bend,
 For matrons think some mischief you intend ;
 And tremble for their heifers in the pews,
 Lest headlong you should rush with amorous views.

RULE.

Spectacles.

Wear spectacles ;—they add a wond'rous grace ;
 And dart a beamy radiance round your face.

"Your sight is good!" What then!—your face is plain,
And glass and silver sparkle not in vain.
A graver look, besides, (the truth to tell)
Which these impart, would suit you, quite as well :
Think you, Agerbus sees not well as you,
Or G— — ?—they might plead strong-sighted, too;
Whose voices juvenile would give the lie,
If 'twere alledged that age has dimmed their eye.
The rule prescribes that spectacles be worn ;
And question not their use, *if they adorn.*

TRICK.

Some tricks you'll need, to rouse attention dull;—
And here you'll find of use—a *human skull* ;
That is to say,—two skulls ;—for 'tis, you know,
Presumed, that one you take where'er you go.
Thus, would you pull the pride of beauty down,—
This monitor,—concealed beneath your gown
You bring to view ; and then you moralize,
As Hamlet did, when Yorick's met his eyes :
And then, to fill your beauties with alarms,
You shew, how evanescent all their charms.
Thus Parry once Fitzroy's gay ladies taught,
And made them give mortality a thought ;—

A well-authenticated fact, you'll find ;—
'Tis known to all the barbers, and the blind.

Von Doornick's stink-pot, Mr. Parke will lend,
—A saint himself,—to serve a saint and friend ;
And this on some occasions might produce
A good effect, uncorked, and prove of use ;
As, would you shew, what vile and filthy things
Are flesh and bones, when lifeless ;—even of kings.

CANTING.

Of canting, just a word before we part ;—
Your passport, and your key to every heart.
If you're a bachelor, the rule is this,—
“ You hasten to partake of nuptial bliss.”
A single man,—you may not cant ;—the rule
Gives no encouragement to such a fool.
The married only cant ;—the rule is clear,
That these shall often talk of pledges dear ;
Of faithful partners ; flatter much the fair,
And tell them, in the courtship phrase, of Clare,
That all the dames of all the world besides,
Must yield the palm of worth to British brides ;
That not less famed this *Heaven-protected* isle,
For godly matrons, than for beauty's smile ;

That Mrs. Trimmer, Mrs. Hannah Moore,
 You'll find unmatched, seek Europe o'er and o'er.
 But here, be cautious not to marr your praise,
 By glancing at the frail ones of our days.
 Let Lady Charlotte — —t rest ; and let
 The Camphire-bag, and Gordon's Antoinette.
Faux pas, elopements, bring not once to view,
 But say, that every wife is chaste and true ;
 That all obey their husbands,—love them too.

To some, the death of relative, or child,
 Themselves traduced, calumniated, revil'd,—
 Hath been of use ;—to some the ghastly scars
 Of all the Williamsons, and all the Marrs ;
 “ Drop, drop a tear ;—my brethren !—drop a tear !
 “ What, weep you not !—your hearts are stone, I
 “ fear.”

A prison-scene will have a good effect ;—
 And here, forget you not, that we expect
 Of clanking chains, and palid cheeks to hear,
 Emaciated, and furrowed with a tear.

Be sure, at all times, great regard to shew
 For all who seek your notice,—high and low :
 Affect an interest deep in their affairs,
 And seem to share the burden of their cares.

But then, their importunities to shun,
Take care to be engaged, the service done.

Some times, in time of prayer, to open wide
Your pew to strangers, shews you *free from pride*.
At evening-hymn be liberal of your note,
Nor scrupulous to strain your *blessed* throat.
Your flock will catch th' extatic glow, inspired
By your example, and to rapture fired.
Th' arch-angel's trumpet is your voice to them;—
They doat upon't, and bless your very hem.

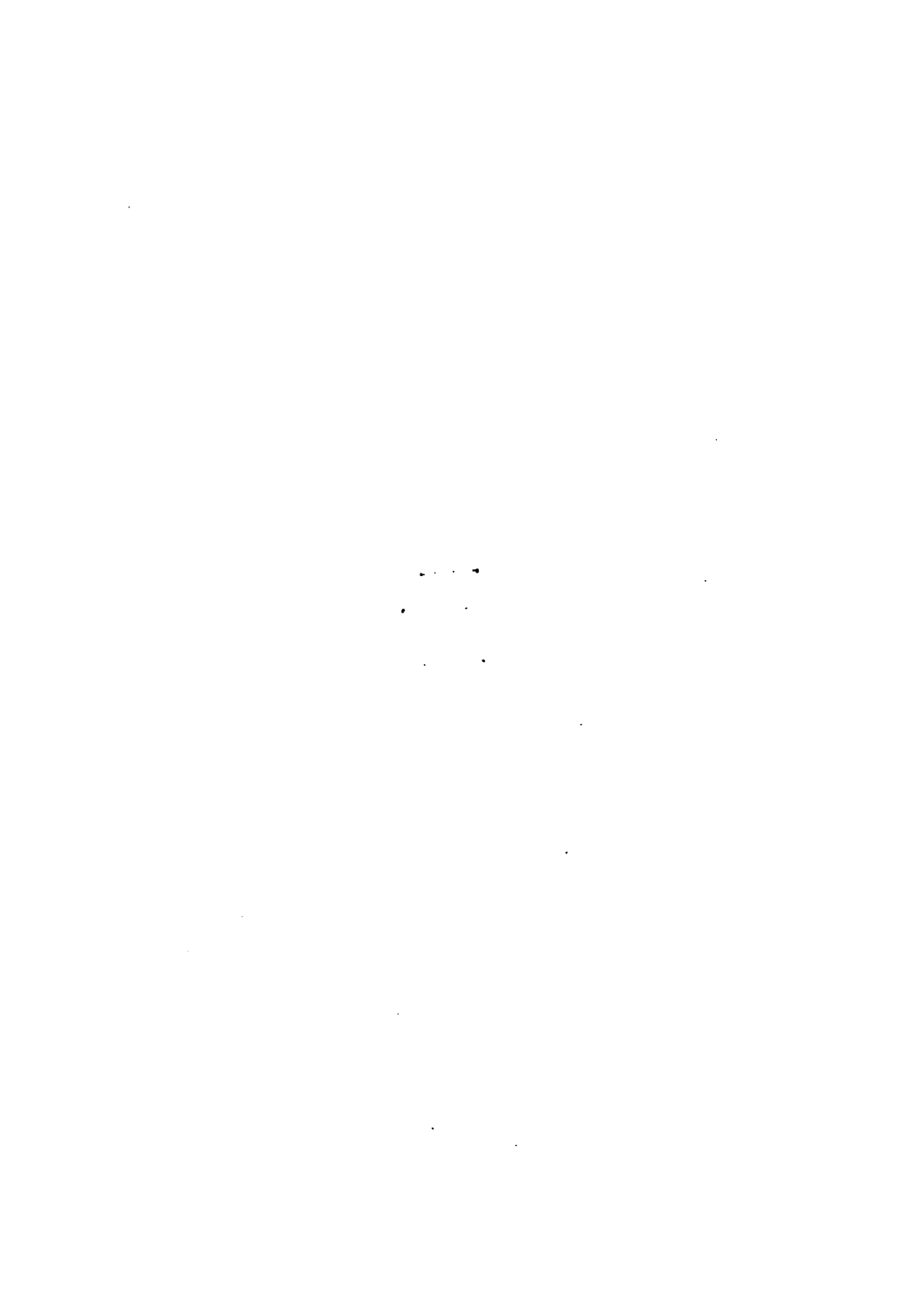
Here ends my art;—these rules whoe'er would earn
Subscription-purses, ladies' smiles, must learn;
And every curate, who would reimburse
His rector from his congregation's purse:
Let — — — us, and — — and — — aine
This art instruct their curates to attain.

CONCLUSION.

Thus have I dared the sacred founts to ope,
And sacrifice — — — nt's golden hope:
A thousand tongues shall vilify my name,
And slander's mildew blast my honest fame:
For he who dares t' invade a hornet's nest,
Must welcome stings, and bid adieu to rest.

Yet neither venom'd stings, nor venom'd breath,
On me shall e'er inflict *inglorious* death.
Not unresisting shall their victim fall;
But showers of ink return for showers of gall:
And if, o'erwhelmed at last by wicked spite
I seek retreat,—I'll seek it not in flight;
But like great Ajax, facing still the foe,
And parrying every thrust, and every blow.

NOTES.



NOTES.

Art guides the vessel through the trackless deep.—P. 3. l. 7.

WHEN the author first entered upon this little work, he meant to have fashioned it after the model of Ovid's "*Ars Amatoria*;" but he was soon obliged to abandon that idea, finding that his subject required (treat it as lightly as he would) a more dogmatic phrase and shape. His exordium alone is the offspring of the original idea; which the classical scholar will perceive is written with an eye to the introductory lines of Ovid's poem.

" Si quis in hoc artem populo non novit amandi,
Me legat, et lecto carmine, doctus amet.
Arte citæ, veloque rates remoque moventur,
Arte leves currus, arte regendus amor."

For 'tis to these your fame you partly owe.—P. 4. l. 2.

The author thinks it right to apprise his reader here, on the threshold of his work, that he reprobates the idea of any man's gaining celebrity as a preacher, with nothing in the world to recommend him but a *voice*; and he scruples not to assert, that the popularity and success of such preachers, as have no pretensions to any other merit, and the high esteem in which several of that description are, at this time, held, is as great a reflection upon the national taste and discernment, in religious matters, as the encouragement lately shewn to

elephants, and virgins of the sun, and equestrian exhibitions, on the stage, is a blot upon the theatrical taste of our age and nation. Should the reader be of a different opinion, he is advised to lay aside the book, and proceed no farther : for its chief object is to bring such preaching into disrepute. Whether an attack upon such clerical quacks can fairly be construed into an attack upon the church, or even upon the clergy, the world may decide for itself.

At prius.—P. 4. l. 11.

At prius ignotam ferro quam scindimus aequor,
Ventos, et varium cæli prædiscere moram,
Cura sit, ac patriæ cultus habitusque locorum,
Et quid quæque ferat regio, et quid quæque recuset.

VINE. GEORGE.

Doctrine suits best, when conscience whispers blame.—P. 5. l. 10.

It is a well-known truth, that a preacher never gets himself any ill will by preaching doctrinal sermons, let him discuss what points of doctrine he pleases ; but there are very few practical subjects on which he can preach, without being supposed to glance at one person or another : that is to say, there are always those present, *qui intelligunt, et capiunt*. If any one, being a preacher, question the truth of this assertion, let him, by way of experiment, preach a sermon on *evil-speaking*.

A thousand ears pricked up to catch the sound.—P. 5. l. 12.

Arrectis auribus adstant—a phrase most frequently applied to brute animals with *long ears* : it is here used metaphorically, of course ; no such animals being to be found there.

Of " blessed evening, blessed church and place."—P. 5. l. 13.

The author must beg leave to mention, once for all (as he is aware of the ill-natured charges of " levity and profaneness," that have been, and will be brought against him, by *galled jades*), that he has at least as much reverence for sacred things, and as much veneration for every tittle of the sacred scriptures, as any of them; perhaps a great deal more. And that whenever he introduces scriptural expressions, which he finds so much in the mouths of these Pulpit-Thespians, it is very far from his intention to treat the expressions themselves with levity. The objects of his ridicule, are those who presume to use them, with so little ceremony, by tagging them to almost every sentence.

Not Mr. ——— preach!—then drive away.—P. 5. l. 22.

It is positively a fact, and that too of frequent occurrence, that ladies will drive up to the vestibule of this chapel, and remain in their carriages till the footman has made inquiry who is to preach; and upon finding that their favorite will not hold forth that day, but some one in his place, they drive off. *Quere.* What sort of religion call you this? Does not it look very much like idolatry? For if they went to church to worship God, would it be of any importance to them who preached? What shall we say then? Truly, that the object of their worship is a singing-bird, or, rather, a chattering pye.

Th' Egyptian rites, the Jebusites embraced,

Where gods were recommended by the taste.

DRYD.

Of other rites the British fair make choice,

And choose their priests, like canuchs, for their voice.

In short, 'tis nature's ordinance, where wealth.—P. 5. l. 23.

Continuo has leges, æterna que fœdera certis
Imposuit natura loris, quo tempore primum
Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem.

VIRGIL'S GEORG. 1st.

But where old maids, of offers who despair.—P. 6. l. 7.

I conceive that I should do an unspeakable benefit to society, if I could impose a restraint upon these puritanical railers, and teach them humility and humanity, by exhibiting them in their proper colours. I believe there is not a more common motive of puritanical uncharitableness, and religious austerity, than the one here adverted to.

Examine well the service of the day.—P. 7. l. 19.

That is a truly laudable practice, by whomsoever adopted, of having an eye in their weekly discourses, to the service of each Sunday; and adapting their sermons to the same. The collect should always be a preacher's guide in this matter; for it is generally a compendium of the particular doctrines or precepts, in that day's Gospel and Epistle. What is here ridiculed, is the way of doing this, practised by quacks and impostors; who not being equal to the task of composing their own sermons, have the artifice so to select those they make use of, by pointed allusions to the day's service, &c. as to impress the ignorant with the idea that they are originals, and their own.

"Old shoes and cloutell," and "Top not come down."—P. 9. l. 9.

The former fragment is said to have been made a text;

but tradition does not mention time, place, nor person. With respect to the latter, we are more accurately informed. The words, "Top not come down," are taken from that verse in the Gospel, where our Saviour foretels the destruction of Jerusalem, and gives a description of the dreadful distress that would accompany that calamity. "Let him that is on the house top not come down, to take any thing out of the house." And report says, that from these words, a ranting enthusiast preached against the female propensity for dress; being misled, it should seem, by the sound of the words "top not," which he used in the sense of "top-knot;" aiming his vengeance, as Jupiter does his thunder, at the vertices, or *summa cacumina*, of objects.

For 'tis no text, they tell us with grave face.—P. 9. l. 17.

The Poet here subscribes to the Logician's dogma. A text, in its literal import, is a portion of the original composition, upon which you have taken in hand to comment or enlarge, be it scripture, or work of profane author. But the word is used with limitation in the case before us, and is convertible into theme, or thesis, which mean a subject, position, or proposition; and must, of course, either affirm, or deny something. The text, "The disciples of Christ were first called Christians at Antioch," is undoubtedly a thesis; but if a sermon on that subject embrace any other topics than the historical proofs of the fact, it certainly ceases to be on the subject.

Yet who disputes of that famed text the fame.—P. 9. l. 19.

Its claim to the distinction can only be disputed on this ground,—that it is so barren of topics, that it could never

supply matter enough for a sermon, if you stick to your last, as the saying is. For after you have brought together all the proofs of the fact that can possibly be drawn from history, what more can you say; without travelling from the record, as the lawyer's phrase is?

For as courts make not kings, but kings make courts.—P. 9. l. 21.

For as courts make not kings, but kings make courts;

So where the Muses, and their train resort,

Parnassus is.

DUNHAM'S CORNER'S HILL.

From that admired discourse, you are too bold.—P. 10. l. 2.

A sermon alluded to in a poem, entitled *Religioniana*. In defiance of the dangers which are here indirectly threatened (formidable enough, to be sure), I venture to disfranchise the sermon itself, let what will become of the text. I say, in the first place, that it is impossible for any man to preach a sermon from the words, and that for the reason stated in a foregoing note. And I venture to assert in the next place, that the fitrasy, rapid, unconnected (composition I must now call it) but incoherent medley in question, was not a sermon on any subject. If the preacher wish the world to think differently, I challenge him to lay it before the public, that they may judge between us. And I allow him to retrench, alter, or add to it, as much as he pleases: so confident am I, that nothing deserving the name of a sermon can be produced from the words. And here let me avail myself of the opportunity of telling this preacher, that we have a right to expect more pains to be bestowed on discourses, for which he receives three guineas each; and that thrice a day. A poor curate, who sags every day in the week for one fourth

of this man's Sunday earnings, has my consent to read printed sermons if he please, or to confine himself to the church homilies only; and even then he will earn hard enough his scanty pittance; but we have a right to expect from these pluralists in lectureships, who think themselves too good to do any other duty but preach, that they will bestow a little pains on their compositions; and also that they will take the trouble to *compose*, and not feed us with the bean-straw of past centuries.

One half the Preacher's work, at least, is done.—P. 10. l. 22.

Dissidium facti, qui caput, habet.

HON. IN LOCO.

Ergo age.—P. 11. l. 2.

Ergo age terræ,

Pingue solum primis extemplo a mensibus anni,

Fortes inuolant Tauri

VIRGIL. GEORG. l. 1.

The classical reader will perceive, that the author, after abandoning Ovid's model, which he found unfit on account of its numerous digressions for didactic dogmatism, has endeavoured (*sed haud possibus æquis, et longo intervallo secutus*) to tread in the footsteps of Virgil; whose agricultural poem is perhaps the finest specimen of didactic poetry, that ever the world produced. One of the principal beauties of this inimitable poem, is allowed to be the easy simplicity of its transitions, and of its rules. It is in this particular, the author has had an eye to that great poet's model. No doubt those sapient sages, the reviewers, will find out that it is a despicable artifice which he has practised,—not, indeed, to call it plagiarism. If they be right in the first, he must of course

submit to his degradation, and kiss their rod, with all due submission. But as to the latter charge, they will at least be pleased, not to claim the merit of discovery and detection; as he has himself anticipated them, by acknowledging the obligation he feels to the great poet, and the use he has made of his work.

In reasoning, weakest proofs we first advance.—P. 11. l. 15.

It is a rule in casuistry, to put your weakest arguments first. If you have to apologise for the non-attendance of a friend, where he ought to have attended (such friend being dead), you must not say, "in the first place, he was dead;" and then, "secondly," &c.—for what stronger reason can you adduce?

Napoleon's to the beast exactly suited.—P. 12, l. 12.

A wag being asked if he did not think Buonaparte was meant by the horned beast of the Apocalypse, replied, "that he thought it very probable, from the character of his queen."

At si non fuerit.—P. 12, l. 15.

At si non fuerit Tellus fœcunda, sub ipsum
Arcturum, sat erat terram suspendere sileo.

GEORGIC I. IN LOCO.

Of head that knows not, yet must teach the road.—P. 12, l. 18.

From such instructors, O ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church, and lay not careless hands
On heads that cannot teach, and will not learn.

COWPER'S TASK.

As did the saucy bird the peacock's plume.—P. 12, l. 20.

In allusion to the fable of the jackdaw, decorated with peacock's feathers.

Or as Jove's wife, to bless her husband's nights.—P. 13, l. 1.

Juno; who, Homer tells us, on an occasion, when she wished (with a view to cajole her husband) to appear irresistibly fascinating to him, borrowed the petticoat of the goddess of beauty.

Or share the fate of Pandarus's bow.—P. 13, l. 22.

In allusion to a passage in Homer's *Iliad*, where the poet describes this warrior as being so much enraged with his bow, which had disappointed his expectations in a shot or two, as to threaten to burn it when he got home.

"If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,

"If e'er I see my sire and spouse again,

"This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims,

"Broke by my hands, shall feed the blazing flames."

POPE'S *ILIAD*.

And so bedaub with copperas and gall.—P. 14, l. 22.

The ingredients of which ink is made,—here put conjointly for ink itself; that is to say, the separate component parts for the compound. The critics (that is to say, the reviewers) will doubtless discover, that this is a very unprecedented form of speech; in short not justifiable, nor to be rhetorically sanctioned, either *per metonymiam*, *per synecdochen*,—or any other figure. The author is sorry for it; and more especially as he is sensible that he cannot justify it upon the mathematical principle, that all the parts of any one thing

are equal to the whole; as he is aware that some of the parts have been omitted,—a circumstance which will destroy the equality;—water, for instance. This is one of the cases wherein he must, of course, throw himself upon the mercy of these censors.

Those authors, who divide and subdivide.—P. 15, l. 4.

Yet is this the proper way of handling a subject, if a Preacher have in view the improvement of his hearers, rather than to set off himself to advantage. To divide and subdivide is the most effectual, if not the only way, of presenting the subject to their minds, in all its relations and bearings. And when the argument is finished, and the position comprehended in the text fully established, to make such deductions from it, as will come home to men's practice; rather than conclude with a sentimental address to their passions.

Take you your matter equal to your strength.—P. 15, l. 13.

Sumite materiem vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus; et versate diu quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri.

HOR. ARS POETICA, IN LOCO.

"I thank you for that good discourse of mine."—P. 15, l. 24.

A thing of this kind once happened, as is afterwards more largely described.

Their public stations, when the authors sleep.—P. 16, l. 7.

Literary labours (and particularly the labour of original composition) are perhaps of all others, if not the most irksome, yet those which produce the greatest and most permanent

ment latitude, and occasion the greatest waste of power, and relaxation of nerve. There must needs, therefore, be some particularly strong inducement to men to undertake them. Is this emolument? That cannot be (whatever Dr. Johnson may have asserted to the contrary, respecting himself), for one tenth part of the application, bestowed almost any other way, would be productive of greater emolument. It is really and truly the love of fame, which is at the bottom of every one's literary achievements. This will not admit of a doubt. And seeing that these things are so, and that of the hundreds of volumes of sermons which are published, few enjoy the light, after their author is gathered to his fathers, it is not a little surprising, that so much labour should be bestowed to so little purpose. Go to any bookseller's shop in London, and he will presently produce you a cart-load of volumes of sermons, by authors whose names you never before heard of. And when you come to read any of those volumes, you will find the sermons such as cannot be surpassed, both for style and matter;—such, in short, as could you yourself equal, you would think yourself entitled to lasting fame. The truth is, that this is a species of composition by which posthumous fame is rarely acquired;—which whoever is ambitious of, will do well to spin out his intellect or imagination into some other texture.

But is it not much to be regretted, seeing this is the case, that the clergy of the established church should not lay aside the ridiculous custom of preaching from written compositions, which subjects them to the drudgery of writing so much to so very little purpose?—Surely it is not difficult for a body of well educated men to acquire the habit of addressing their congregations in plain language, on such plain te-

pics as the doctrines and precepts of christianity, without the assistance of written documents. I will venture to say, that any one who would resolve upon this mode, would very soon find it achieved with much less labour, taking all the necessary preparation into the account, than even *transcribing* sermons.

With these, nor skeleton he needs, nor hint ;—P. 16. l. 13.

Skeleton, nor hint. Skeletons of sermons are meant, which book-makers have kindly provided to lighten the labour of sermonizing. And hints, or helps to composition; the friendly donation of the same workmen.

As counterfeit as Birmingham's base coin.—P. 17. l. 7.

In the north of England, a counterfeit coin, particularly a half-penny, is called a Birmingham. Such are the manuscript sermons, pretended originals, here alluded to.

The rector preach'd, and not apprized, of course.—P. 19. l. 3.

This is a true bill. It actually happened at the parish church at Liverpool (observe, — there is only one parish church :—that large town being but one parish) that a young divine preached a set discourse before the mayor and corporation; for which he received thanks, compliments, &c. an invitation to dinner, &c. and made such a reply to their compliments, &c. and that as ill luck would have it, the rector preached the same sermon in the afternoon.

To see his flock, as at a strange dog scared.—P. 19. l. 10.

This image needs no explanation to those who have observed a flock of sheep, when a strange dog is in view;—

only it is necessary to remark, that the expression is here figurative ; — and that no reflection is meant upon any one.

Once on a time, a clerk of high renown.—P. 19. l. 23.

This was either Sherlock or Secker.—I do not immediately recollect which.

Of him for whisker'd jaws once famed, the other.—P. 21. l. 24.

*Ecoe iterum Crispinus, et. est mihi sæpe vocandus
Inpartes.*

Lo !—that Agerbus on the stage again.

First of the first, St. — thy namesake aid.—P. 22. l. 3.

As it is a thing of great notoriety, and actually admitted by a certain dignitary of the church and pluralist, that he does not preach sermons of his own composition, but generally old ones, burnished and brightened up a little to suit the modern taste ; that same preacher, who has acquired so much celebrity, and an ample share of solid pudding too, as well as empty praise, by this art, cannot reasonably complain, because the author has made use of his name to distinguish one of the modes of getting up sermons. Nay, rather, he ought to feel considerable satisfaction, that such a distinction is conferred upon the name ; and exult with Gnatho, that he has been of consequence enough to give an appellation to a class or denomination of men. As that parasite boasted, that all men of his stamp should, from him, be called Gnathonics ; so may the preacher, that old sermon burnishers shall be called Andreans. And be it understood, that this description is not exclusively applicable to the model from whence it derives its name (although in some few particulars

the author has stuck close to that individual pattern),—but is of general application; a cap that will fit as many heads as may choose to put it on. This mode of burnishing old sermons, the author does not mean universally, and unconditionally, to condemn; on the contrary, he is ready to admit, that it is as much as can reasonably be expected from a great majority of the clergy; and a great deal more, perhaps, than is due from a poor curate. But from a man who has risen to such preferment; whose talents and exertions have been deemed worthy of so ample a reward, he must take the liberty to say, that he thinks a great deal more, may in reason be expected.

Too famed the sermons of that great disciple.—P. 22. l. 16.

Eternal blossoms flourish round the memory of the great and the good Bishop Atterbury!

“He whom ungrateful England could expel

“The land which he adorned, and loved so well.”

I had rather be the author of those pure, simple, affectionate discourses, than of all the volumes of evidences, tracts, interpretations of prophecies, expositions of articles and creeds, that ever have been, or ever will be written, for all the deaneries and bishoprics in the world. The author would recommend to any young divine, who may chuse to preach these sermons, to preach them as he finds them.

Put Calvinism or Calvin in the place.—P. 23. l. 10.

In every age since the reformation, there has been some particular doctrine against which it has been the fashion, among high Churchmen, to pour the thunder of their invective. Most of the old sermons, the productions of the early

part of the last century, and previously to that time, abound with invectives against some of the exploded Popish doctrines. And as it might make one of these sermons too short, to omit so material a part, it is recommended to substitute the tenets of Calvin in their stead. Not that the author means to venture any opinion on that controverted question; aware as he is of the difficulty of refuting Calvin, and at the same time giving no offence to the seventeenth article of our Church. Yet as the Bishop of Lincoln professes to have refuted Calvinism, and his work is in high repute, it is presumed that there is so far from being any danger of incurring the charge of heresy, by such invective, that it will even gain a preacher credit with the dispensers of preferment.

Than bulls more loud to bellow will be found.—P. 23. l. 14.

Popish bulls. —

Indulgencies, dispenses, pardons, bulls. MILTON.

Again, and furthermore, and to insist.—P. 23. l. 19.

These forms of speech, however unfashionable, are necessary to continue a subject, and are moreover eligible on account of the conciseness of the expression; so that the author is to be understood as speaking ironically in the directions he here gives. There are many forms of speech, which are become obsolete, that are infinitely superior to those by which they have been superseded. How much superior is *contrariwise* to "on the other hand," for instance; which is now out of use.

A general nod at four and twentiethly.—P. 24. l. 18.

The good old-fashioned preachers, it is said, sometimes

plainly and as abruptly as you please, we feel no disappointment on that account. The impression made by an exordium, whether favorable or unfavorable, must of course give way to subsequent impressions. This preacher's exordium is generally the best part of his sermon; so that he mostly produces smoke out of flame, instead of producing flame out of smoke. For though it sometimes happens that they have other good parts, yet are those so inferior to what has preceded them, that they lose by contrast their real excellence. His sermon from the text "Bring up your children in the nurture and fear of God," was, in point of arrangement, as bad as could be. The introductory part was very long, and very good; the rest, with the exception of here and there a brilliant passage, meagre enough. Had he contrived to introduce into the body or conclusion of his discourse, the eloquence that was lavished on the beginning, thus simplifying the exordium, and enriching the remainder, the effect would have been gratification instead of disappointment to the hearers: for nothing can be more certain, than that we go away with the impression that is last made, whether good or bad; so that if the conclusion of a discourse be good, it is well received, though the earlier parts of it might make a different impression; if the conclusion be bad, it is ill received, however well it commenced.

"Not smoke from flame, but flame from smoke to strike."
P. 29. l. 7.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem.

HOR. ARS POETICA.

Yclept Reviews, the lanterns of our age.—P. 29. l. 15.

These publications are become a real prejudice to literature. Original works, whatever may be their merit, very few readers, now-a-days, think of perusing; because they have read a review of them by some or other of these periodical censors, and are able to talk very learnedly about them; without being at the expense of purchasing, or the pains of studying, the originals. Yet such readers do not consider, how much risk they run of exposing their ignorance, by venturing an opinion on such authority: for these criticisms are almost invariably the tribute of adulation, or the offspring of spleen. The tribute of adulation when a *douceur* (as it often happens) is given, for a favorable critique; the offspring of spleen, when this ceremony has been omitted.

These are, those are not, of that little flock.—P. 30. l. 14.

One would think it stepping out of the way a little to introduce a Philippic against "infamous publications," and the writers of "scandalous libels," in a sermon from the text, "Fear not little flock, for it is my Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." But by the Agerbian mode, this may be done. You have only to make this division of your subject, "We will shew who are Christians, and who are not Christians: for the little flock includes all true Christians;" then it is easy to shew that the writers of infamous publications, particularly such writers as shall have had the temerity to glance at our own follies, are not of the flock; because not Christians; and that consequently they will be thrust down to Hell. It is true, by analogy, we might also exclude ourselves; for it might be argued, that no Christian

would hint so uncharitable an opinion of his fellow-man, however odious to him ; much less would he indulge in such splenetic language in the pulpit ; but then, observe you, as you are in possession of the tub, and the only one privileged to speak, you may say what you will, safely.

And make a minute's pause ;—'tis not in vain.—P. 31. l. 2.

That is to say, it has a good effect. It looks as if a man were master of the subject, when he has self-collection enough to make these pauses, and look his audience in the face.

'Tis not the rule ; again, is all you need.—P. 31. l. 6.

This word is properly enough used, after a pause to recruit one's breath, to continue an unfinished topic, or argument, when you wish to present some other view of it to the contemplation of your hearers ; but to say, *again*, and then make a pause, and then proceed, firstly, or secondly, is absurd.

And always use the plural number,—we.—P. 31. l. 9.

This is a piece of affectation, I never hear without disgust. Let sovereigns, speaking in the first person, use the plural number ; and let Reviewers, who exercise dominion in the empire of letters, use the plural number for the singular ; and newspaper editors likewise, to impress the public with an idea that their individual paper employs a constellation of talents, let them speak in the plural number ; but with what propriety can a preacher, addressing his congregation in his own person, use the plural number *we* ? How can he with propriety say, “ we will endeavour next, as far as *our* humble abilities will enable us ? ” &c.—disgusting affectation !

Eternity !—dread thought !—how well portrayed.—P. 31. l. 21.

Metrical paraphrase of a passage introduced into a sermon, by the *Father* (or, rather, the God-Father), of the *mode* now under consideration; borrowed from the French preacher Saurin. And here is the proper place to animadvert for a moment on this practice of copying from French sermon-writers, which is by no means uncommon, among the tribe of popular preachers; the high-flown, sentimental phrase of some of these writers, being well calculated to move the passions; and the theft not so liable to detection, as if they should pilfer from the more eloquent and popular sermons in our own language. But how happens it, that Roman Catholic sermons can at all be made use of by Protestant divines? Perhaps they undergo a change, something similar to what is described in the Andrian mode. The author has no rule on this subject; he merely surmises that this may be the case. In regard to the propriety of *harrowing* up the feelings of a congregation by such passages, and by death-bed scenes, and prison-scenes, or any narratives calculated to excite horror and dismay, the author thinks it may be very fairly called in question. The House of God is a place which is likely to be frequented by many persons of weak nerves, and consciences easily alarmed: and it is probable, that more harm may be done amongst these by such representations, and appeals to the passions, than good amongst the profligate, who need to be reclaimed. The soul that cannot be won, is not likely to be conquered. I suspect it is rather a wish to display their own parts, than to do good, that influences such preachers.

Talk much of death-bed scenes towards the close.—P. 33, l. 1.

This couplet is out of place;—it belongs more properly to the art of canting.

I'll give it you of all ambages stript.—P. 33, l. 12.

A word which has no equivalent in the English language. It means a useless parade of words, or circuitous way of narrating.

Sed tamen alternis facilis labor.—P. 34, l. 2.

Sed tamen alternis facilis labor; arida tantum

Ne saturare fimo pudeat sola.

VIRGIL'S GEORGIC 1.

It happened that a country-lad forsooth.—P. 35, l. 5.

This is a very laughable story to such as understand the Somersetshire dialect; and is sometimes given as a specimen of the speech and manners of the peasantry of that part of England. It was impossible to preserve in verse the boy's answer to the farmer, precisely as the story has it, viz. "what did gosmanchick's fadder bite I for, aye?"—a circumstance to be regretted, as this is the chief point to be attended to.

The lad, like that slow beast, with thistles fed.—P. 35, l. 21.

Homer compares Ajax retreating before the victorious Trojans, and now and then stopping to sustain and repel their attack, to an ass, assailed, when he is feeding, by a number of wanton boys;—they belabour him with sticks, and he moves a few paces from them, and then, very unconcernedly, falls again to his pasture.

Some, regular as print, the work require.—P. 36, l. 7.

Dean Swift gives some directions of this kind to preachers; and doubtless the eye is very much assisted, and, consequently, delivery facilitated, by attention to this rule.

The Andromedæ, and the Moorish tribe, 'tis said.—P. 36, l. 28.

It is due to justice, and to the character of a celebrated preacher, (whose name needs not to be mentioned *once more*) to contradict a report which has gone abroad, that he was originally a player. The fact is, both as it is attested by himself, and also by such as have known him from his youth, and witnessed his theatrical achievements, that he merely performed on the Ipswich stage a few times, as a youthful frolick; and never had any intention of wearing the buskin professionally.

Humida solstitia atque Hyemes orate serenas.—P. 37, l. 12.

Humida solstitia atque Hyemes orate serenas

Agricolæ.

VIRGIL'S GEORGIC I.

Last, bursting from their cave, the south and north.—P. 37, l. 16.

The cave where Æolus confines the winds.

Ibid.

The south and north winds.

Ask him renowned for twenty minutes' Greek.—P. 37, l. 24.

Dr. Parr is said to have preached a sermon before the University of Cambridge, in which he quoted so much Greek as took him twenty minutes in delivery.—He is said to be one

of those who write their sermons on scraps of paper ;—indeed it is the general practice among great scholars ; whom it would ill become to take pains with their manuscript.

Yet come it will, by Fate decreed, the day.—P. 38. l. 14.

This line is not grammatical,—there being two nominative cases to the verb, will ;—but the author must beg leave to decline any responsibility here, as the line is borrowed from Pope.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by Fate.

POPE'S HOMER.

Prime minister, saint, prophet, charioteer.—P. 38, l. 18.

Referring to different works which the author means to publish.

And Armageddon's field shall start to birth.—P. 38, l. 20.

A work on the folly of attempting to interpret unfulfilled scriptural prophecies.

Gibbesium Analogicum shall rue.—P. 38, l. 22.

A work on the curious analogy of that famous analogist, from whom the name is borrowed.

And summum bonum, summum vitium, too.—P. 38, l. 23.

A satire on the subject,—“ that the vices of a people are sometimes a nation's best support.”

And Chatham's marble head, in Walcheren's swamps.—P. 39, l. 1.

No reflection, be it well understood, is meant upon the good man's head. The expression is used in the sense of—

“*stabit aureus,—marmoreus,—plumbeus,*” &c. in frequent use among the Latin poets, when they talk of erecting a monument to any one.

Shall stand, for ever proof 'gainst fogs and damps.—P. 39, l. 2.

In allusion to the author's intended mock-heroic on the subject of the Scheldt expedition ;—hero, the Right Hon. John, Earl of Chatham.

As this is the first time the author has had occasion to mention that splendid hero's name, he will avail himself of the opportunity of his first appearance (as it were) at court, to *present* two or three epigrams,—the tribute of a friend ;—not doubting but they will experience a polite reception from so accomplished a courtier and general, as the aforesaid Right Hon. John, &c. And let them be considered as a kind of prelude to the work, which will shortly make its appearance, to the immortal memory of this thrice illustrious chief.

EPIGRAM.

Old Antwerp would you batter down,
Or force it to surrender,
Let him who guards assault the town ;—
Be Chatham its defender.

ANOTHER.

Misfortune's school was ever held,
A spur to genius to impart ;—
Thus Helder's lessons learnt by heart,
Produced the hero of the Scheldt.

My name to John Lord Chatham shall not yield.—P. 40, l. 6.

I hereby give notice to all poets, and poetasters, whatsoever, that I claim the subject of the Walcheren calamity, as peculiarly and exclusively mine own; upon which I shall most undoubtedly write a poem without loss of time. And I therefore beg leave to request of them, that they will none of them venture to anticipate me; as I flatter myself that I possess more information on the subject than any other poet, poetess, or poetaster, and shall consequently do more justice to events.—“*quæque omnia vidi, et quorum pars parva fui.*” I mean to say, that having studied that subject in the best of all possible schools, that of experience, I may fairly boast to understand it feelingly!—and having received, as the reward of my sufferings, from that dire calamity, contumely and neglect, I may be expected to be able to describe it feelingly.

Thus far the sermonizing art I've sung.—P. 43, l. 1.

Hactenus arborum cultus, et sidera cœli.

VIRGIL'S GEORG. 2.

Forthwith a feast of honied sweets to share.—P. 43, l. 5.

Protinus ærii mellis cœlestia dona.

Exequar.

VIRGIL'S GEORG. 4.

Hither Apollo, music's God!—for here.—P. 43, l. 8.

Huc Pater, O Lenæe.

VIRGIL'S GEORG. 2.

Indignant rob me of my grey goose quill.—P. 43, l. 12.

Mercury was the god of thieves, as well as of orators; so

that it is doing no injustice to his reputation, to suppose him capable of such an act.

For spite his numenship that I decline.—P. 43, l. 13.

A word borrowed from the Latin ; for which, in the sense that it is here meant to convey, I do not recollect that our language furnishes an equivalent ;—presidency, guidance, authority, are all implied in it.

Hither, Apollo, come, and share with me.—P. 44, l. 3.

Huc Pater, O Lenæe, veni, nudataque musto
Tinge novo mecum direptis crura cothurnis.

VIRGIL'S GEORG. 2.

By wits of ancient times,—“ as nosed so nerved.”—P. 44, l. 14.

Egregie dixeris, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum.

HOR. ARS POET.

But here let not the over curious interpreter, either from the ambition of shewing his learning and ingenuity, or from an ill-natured wish to bring the author into disrepute with the fair sex, presume to explain this passage as referring to an old Latin distich. The author hereby puts in his caveat against it.

No Preacher e'er was wise without the rules.—P. 45, l. 24.

Sapiens abnormis, crassaque Minervâ.

HOR. ARS POET.

Sometimes accentuation new and strange.—P. 46. l. 21.

Accentuation is here used in the vulgarly received sense,—meaning the stress on a particular syllable of a word.

From M— —ie to hear, and recollect.—P. 46, l. 24.

When Dr. M— was first made a bishop, it was remarked by his acquaintance, that he took great pains to solemnize, or add solemnity to, his new character, by such little tricks; "*Parvum parva decent.*"

No man can judge of the effect produced.—P. 47, l. 7.

On this maxim is founded the necessity of training the voice, and of practising tones, and pronunciation, and all the other branches of elocution, before a second person. In short, rehearsals are as necessary to ensure the proper pulpit effect, as the stage effect. It is very true (ridicule apart) that if such effect be necessary, or desirable, or worth a thought; or, negatively, if it be not a thing that ought not to be thought about at all, then is such practising, and rehearsing, so far from being reprehensible, that it is praiseworthy. But I am inclined to think, that those will always preach the most effectually for the *improvement* of their hearers, who never give such matters a thought.

Principio sedes, statioque petenda.—P. 47, l. 18.

Principio sedes apibus statioque petenda

Quo neque sit ventis aditus (nam pabula venti

Ferre domum prohibent) neque oves, hædique petulci,

Floribus insultent, aut errans bucula campo.

Or Chelsea College might, to serve a friend.—P. 48. l. 9.

Frontonis platani, convulsæque marmora clamant,

Semper et assiduo ruptæ lectore columnæ.

JUVENAL.

These lines of Juvenal's first satire, where he speaks of the places frequented by the poets of his day, for the purpose of reciting their own verses, are very applicable to the chapel here spoken of;—and one might say, that its "*convulsa marmora clamant, et assiduo ruptæ concionatore columnæ*;"—as it is understood to have been, occasionally, the theatre of such practice, as is described in the verses immediately following. I cannot help reprobating the custom of preparing, by rehearsals, for the pulpit, as players do for the stage; and I must think, that a preacher's best plan is to resign himself (as far as manner is concerned) to the feeling of the moment,—indifferent about the effect.

"*The opposite extreme!—oh, fie!—refrain.*"—P. 49. l. 1.

Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim. While such a one attempts to conceal his national dialect, he falls into the opposite extreme of an affected puppyish pronounciation; and gives you *into*, for *unto*, &c.

It is to be understood, that the different peculiarities here pointed out for correction, are not all copied from the same, but from different originals. These Scotticisms are, of course, borrowed from a *popular preacher* of that country. *Wúth*, and *wúrd*, in spite of all this man's pains to *speak fine*, are quite incorrigible. But that Heavyn (*risum teneas*) that makes up for all; and is, at least, as much too fine, as the others are too vulgar.

"*Only distort not quite so much your face.*"—P. 49. l. 14.

Quere. Does our author here glance at the Andrean distortions, mentioned in a subsequent note?—*Editor's remark.*

Unchecked by t'other, affectation thrives.—P. 51, l. 18.

It can only be accounted for upon the principle suggested in the two following lines, that such glaring and disgusting foppery should have escaped the *pruning* knife; seeing that these ἀδελφοὶ φιλανθρωπικοῖ, took so much pains with each other.

Thus —s, and ——n, Scotchman-like agree.—P. 51, l. 19.

More of this hereafter. The "London Curate"* will make its appearance in due course.

Than which, more furious arbiters the main.—P. 53, l. 3.

Quo non arbiter adriæ

Major,—tollere, seu ponere, vult freta.

HORACE.

Dear spot of earth; though graceless, lovely still!—P. 55, l. 17.

Vide RELIGIONISM. This is a spot held in great abhorrence by the saints, as the resort of sabbath-loungers.

Silenus like, this animal in chains.—P. 57, l. 9.

Nam sine vi, non ulla dabit præcepta, neque illum

Orando flectes; vim duram et vincula capto

Tende.

VIRGIL'S GEORG. 4.

* The London Curate, a satire; describing the hardships of a man in that situation;—and the contemptible sordidness of London rectors.

In this analogous the swine and god.—P. 57, l. 11.

Chromis et Mnasilus in antro
 Silenum pueri somno vidēre jacentem
 Inflatum histerno venas, ut semper, Iaccho.
 Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant,
 Et gravis attritâ pendebat cantharus ansâ.

ECLOGUE 6.

And much in use in every gloomy age.—P. 58, l. 10.

As a dead dog breeds maggots ; or as inattention to cleanliness, among a *certain people*, is favorable to the propagation of vermin ; or as night and cheerless gloom call forth the boding owl, which is mute and invisible by day ;—so does a season of national distress, or difficulty, set to work the tribe of prognosticators ; and we are sure to hear of the end of the world, whenever the paltry concerns of nations are, for a moment, out of joint. Thus the philosophers, in the fable, beholding a portentous blot in the sun, were fully persuaded of the near approach of some dreadful calamity ;—but when the matter was explained, *it was only a fly in the telescope.*

* *Kettites*, and † *Whittakerians*, and *Faberians*.—P. 58, l. 13.

* Who had the honour of giving occasion to the subjoined epigram.

The glorious sun of Trinity is set,
 And nothing left but farthing candle. —

Ibid.

† As soon as the list of one hundred subscribers, at five guineas each, is filled up, a course of lectures will be delivered,

shewing by what process old women may be made young again. The lecturer's name may be learnt at Hatchard's.

The Andrean deep, though clear, elastic swell.—P. 59, l. 18.

Note, the Andrean distortions are taught by Grimaldi; whether he gives lessons off the stage or not, I cannot pretend to say. But I should think, any one who is an apt scholar, might acquire them, by paying attention to this actor a few times, in a pantomime.

Pantonian this, and that the Kemblean hight.—P. 60, l. 8.

As the author has taken pains, in this instance, to point out the etymology of the word, and it must appear to every classical reader, that no other word could have been used, or invented, which would have better expressed his idea, he trusts he will not be accused, by the over-censorious, and over-curious, of glancing at any particular person, whose name may bear some resemblance to this Greek compound. This caution is the more necessary, as he understands that such liberties have been taken with a former work;—in which, it appears, not a name has been used, but it has been applied to some one or other; not a blank space left, but some one has *put on the empty cap*. Even the common word *more*, as harmless a word as is in our language, one would think, has been thought to have a hidden meaning.

And that from him, the Thespian preacher fine.—P. 60, l. 11.

The Covent Garden preacher;—not of St. Paul's, Covent Garden;—but (as the Puritans would say) St. Satan's, Bow Street.

Be thankful, distant gazers, that you've heard.—P. 61. l. 22.

One cannot help being surprised at seeing the aisles of a church so thronged with the lower orders, where so little attention is paid to them, and the preacher seems indifferent whether they hear him or not; so pitching his voice, that the effect may be pleasing to those near at hand.

Though half a chapter it contain of stuff.—P. 62. l. 13.

To give out a text (that is, to repeat the words of it) oftener than once, when it is of such an immoderate length (however useful the practice may be) has certainly a very bad effect. And as effect is what is studied by popular preachers, I apprehend, more than any thing else, it is surprising they should ever fall into this error. However, I very much question the utility of it; for it is not probable, that such as are not sufficiently well acquainted with the scriptures to recognise the text, at the first hearing, will pay much attention to the sermon; and therefore it is mere trifling to give it out a second time for their sake; and to such as know it as well as the preacher, it is worse than trifling,—it is a wanton waste of time,—to re-deliver it. But there is this to be said in favor of the practice, “*it is a good way of husbanding a short sermon.*”

And sad mishap of petticoats —.—P. 64. l. 23.

Oh, fie, fie, our author!—fie, for shame, our author!—Upon my conscience, you are too free a great deal. Recollect, that you do not live in the age of Swift, and Pope, much less in that of the second Charles;—a cotemporary of Dryden. This is an age of purity, and sober conversation; an age in

which you may be as licentious as you please, in your practice; only be careful to put a restraint upon your tongue. "*Favete linguis*," is the motto of the age in which we live. "*Nunc discenda bono sunt bona verba dic.*" By all means be fair spoken, however foul your deeds, and you may pass for a creditable man; but if your conduct be upright, and you are too free in your speech, you may thank your stars if you escape the fate of Orpheus. I know you will say, "why should that be reckoned indecent, or too free, now-a-days, which an age or two back, was applauded as wit and humour?" Are our morals purer, and is there less licentiousness in the world now, than there was at that time?" But then, you will observe, there is more hypocrisy; we wish to enjoy ourselves, 'tis true; but we wish, at the same time, to be esteemed very abstemious, very rigid, and very pious. It is not because we are less profligate, and less indelicate in our notions, than were our forefathers, that we cannot bear any freedom of allusion or expression; but because we are more so; and being conscious to ourselves of impurity, we are continually disquieted with apprehensions, lest the disguise which we wear should be seen through; and therefore we are always ready to join in the clamour against any one, who has committed himself by freedom of speech; lest we should be suspected of favouring him; and to throw round ourselves a still thicker disguise.—"*Curremus præceptis et,—Dum jacet in ripâ calcemus Cæsaris hostem.*"—Let us have a kick at the brute, lest we should be suspected of being no better than he.

Relates the Gospel record, at full length.—P. 65. l. 10.

One would think it absurd enough for a preacher, gravely and deliberately to set about proving, that the sacrament was

Instituted by Christ ; and by him enjoined as a duty of universal obligation upon all Christians. For who that is at all conversant with the Evangelists would for a moment doubt it ? But it is necessary for a popular preacher to give an air of novelty to every subject ; and to discuss common topics, as if they were new discoveries.

And every mother for her heifers quake.—P. 66. l. 17.

Te suis matres metuunt juvencis.

HORACE.

Lest, vanquished by your voice, they play the rake.—P. 66. l. 18.

The author cannot too frequently put his reader in mind, that the chief aim of his satire is to expose the trick (not to call it quackery) of mere vocal performers in the pulpit. A good voice is a great advantage to any one who has to speak in public ; and it behoves a preacher so far to cultivate his voice, as to be able to deliver himself audibly and distinctly. But it is not to be borne, that preaching shall become a mere vocal performance.

Though ill exchanged for one of greater fame.—P. 67. l. 2.

It is doubtful what our author means here ; for as there are two things mentioned which the person spoken of won, i. e. " a consort, and a name," it is not easy to ascertain which of them it was that he " exchanged for one of greater fame." In all probability it was the latter ; as it is a thing of more frequent occurrence, than to exchange the former article. But we shall then have to discover, how he exchanged his name for one of greater fame ; and also, why he made a bad exchange. Possibly the name that was parted with is one that is celebrated in this book. But this we can only

conjecture; as our author has not favoured us with the assumed name. It is altogether a dark passage. Possibly time may throw light upon it.—*Note by a Commentator.*

Thus Mrs. Billington, if she'll unsex.—P. 67. l. 5.

If church preferments are to be conferred, as they have been in many instances, as the reward of musical pre-eminence; and if men are to be followed and cried up as popular preachers, whose sole merit is a musical voice, and a little sing-song trick, which is easily attainable by any one *who is little-minded* enough to think it an important acquisition; in short, if this be esteemed the criterion of oratorical excellence, and pulpit eminence, dependent upon tone and tune, I see no reason why our distinguished professional singers may not aspire to the first church preferments, as they are the heads of the vocal profession; and would, undoubtedly, preach as much better than others, as they sing better. But does not this rage for musical preaching prove, that it is rather sensual, than intellectual gratification, that is at the bottom of it; and that we are sensualists, even in the sanctuary?

As Charles Fox the statuary, 'tis said.—P. 68. l. 13.

The anecdote here alluded to, runs thus: When Mr. Fox was at Paris, some time during Lord Sidmouth's year of peace, a French artist of great eminence waited upon him, and made a sort of application, which very much shocked the delicacy of that distinguished statesman. The favor which the modest Frenchman asked, was only to be allowed to take a model of his person, in a state of perfect nudity. If I recollect right, it was done by order of the French Ruler,

who wished to pay Mr. Fox the compliment of a superb statue.

And not a preacher of necessity.—P. 68. l. 21.

The author meant this to have been a very complete work ; as it was his intention to have given in the notes, whatever rules he had failed to introduce into the body of the poem. But he has been compelled by circumstances to confine himself within much narrower limits, than he originally intended. However, he should think himself guilty of an unpardonable omission, were he to forget to point out here, to the young preacher, the great advantage to be derived from *this artifice*.

And let the senseless and the tasteless scoff.—P. 70. l. 5.

In spite of the imputation of “ senseless and tasteless,” I scruple not to avow my opinion very explicitly, on the subject ; and to affirm, that the plainest and most unadorned style of delivery, is a great deal more becoming, in a preacher, than any thing which has the appearance of affectation. To cultivate elocution is very laudable ; and for a preacher to excel in that science, is very laudable ; and perhaps it may be allowed him, without censure, to imitate a good model. But to carry his imitation so far, as to copy the defects and blemishes of his model, not only proves his want of taste and discernment, but disgusts by its servility. Not to mention, that the solemnity of the sanctuary, and the dignity of the pulpit, and of the sacerdotal office, do not seem to be sufficiently considered by a preacher, who makes a *player* his model ; and from the beginning to the end of his sermon, copies him so faithfully, that he must needs have him continually in his eye. I have heard it remarked by different

people, after hearing this preacher, that if they had not seen as well as heard him, they would certainly have gone from church, with the impression, that they had heard a sermon from John Kemble.

"And on the wings of prayer ascend the sky."—P. 71, l. 16.

It is due to this preacher (and the author also feels it due to himself) to remark, and to declare most positively, that he has no intention whatever to ridicule, nor find fault with the matter of his sermons. This last passage is certainly a little extravagant;—but that is a trifle. It is his delivery only that is the subject of satirical remark in this place;—and if passages are introduced from his discourses, it is merely with a view to delineate his manner of delivery.

And kind Mc— — lends his midnight shade.—P. 75, l. 11.

That is to say,—his darkness, to reflect the other's light, and make his employer shine by comparison.

To tell your people that they stay away.—P. 75, l. 13.

A popular preacher's people are those, who follow him to all the churches and chapels, where he holds forth, at different times of the day. These he always makes a point of speaking to, when he comes down from the pulpit;—and if he expect to be absent next Sunday, acquaints them, that they may not be disappointed.

"Great eloquence accelerates your doom."—P. 75, l. 18.

Torrens dicendi copia multis

Et sua mortifera est facundia.

JUVENAL, SAT. 10.

The body whence proceed its scorching rays.—P. 75, l. 20.

Urentes fulgore suo: In allusion to that well known passage of Horace, "*Urit enim,*" &c.

The bounds are fixed by custom,—teacher dumb.—P. 76, l. 1.

Sunt certi denique fines

Quos ultra, citraque, nequit consistere rectum.

Action, by all means check;—perhaps in Heaven.—P. 76, l. 9.

It is as impossible for some persons to speak without action, as it *seems* for others to speak with it. And I believe (nay, I am certain) that it is demonstrable upon clear physical principles, that it is *impossible* for any one to speak *well*, without action. By *well*, I mean with perfect elocution. Without action, the voice cannot receive the modulation, and various inflection, which nature requires. The vibration of the human frame, necessary to vary and complete the tones, must needs be checked, if the body remain stationary. I have not space to enter fully into this argument here. But I shall some time do it, if it be but to expose the folly of those rough-paced churchmen, who object to action. But I must not call it folly;—for in truth it is *policy*. They discountenance pulpit energy and exertion, lest an obligation should be imposed upon themselves, of putting forth exertions, of which they feel they are incapable.

Von Doornick's stink-pot, Mr. Parke will lend.—P. 78, l. 3.

Baron von Doornick was indicted for establishing a nuisance in Whitechapel Fields. Mr. Parke was counsel for the prosecution. The charge against him was, "that he had

literally stunk out the inhabitants, by boiling bones,—the putrid carcases of dead horses,—stinking horns and hoofs,—and thus assembling a compound of all villainous smells.” Sal volatile, and soap-lees, were assembled in the highest perfection. To give the jury *sensible* evidence of the nuisance, Mr. Parke produced a bottle of the compound, in court;—and the jury’s noses immediately found a verdict for the plaintiffs.

The married only cant;—the rule is clear.—P. 78, l. 16.

We need not be surprised, if we hear it objected to a clergyman, by and by, as we do to a doctor, that he is not married. For as a bachelor cannot, with propriety, make these tender appeals, and they are so essential a part of canting, he may be proved, of course, to be very objectionable.

Of all the Williamsons, and all the Marrs.—P. 79, l. 13.

The public mind, one should think, was sufficiently shocked with these horrid crimes, without harrowing up our feelings by a recital of them at church.

And every curate, who would reimburse.—P. 80, l. 13.

Some parishes have the good sense to appoint no lecturer but the curate; who lives among them,—is continually occupied in performing the parochial duties,—and, of course, has the fairest claim to their favours. In many places, the parishioners make a liberal collection for their curate and lecturer; which, added to an *equally liberal allowance* from the incumbent, might enable him to support the respectable appearance which becomes his station and character. But

(blush, ye fattened pluralists, while you hear it spoken!) you expect to reap the benefit of this yourselves; and in proportion to the munificence of your parishioners, you take care to diminish a curate's stipend;—and thus put into your own pockets, what is given with the laudable design of making him comfortable and respectable. Thus, where a salary of at least a hundred pounds a year ought to be given, if a former curate have received such favours, you take care to engage a successor to him for half the sum; and the rest, you give him to understand, will be made up by a parochial collection. This is a most contemptible, and a most abominable practice; and perhaps it is the very reason why many parishes appoint a lecturer, independent of the incumbent,—that he may enjoy the fruit of his own labours;—and they may have the satisfaction to know, that their munificence is not-perverted. I will venture to say, that if the Bishop of London can contrive to correct this *selfish disposition*, in the beneficed men over whom he presides, he will do more to prevent “the introduction of evangelical lecturers into the London churches,” than if he deliver twenty charges against it.

Thus have I dared the sacred founts to ope.—P. 80, l. 13.

Sacros ausus recludere fontes.

VIRGIL.

For he who dares t' invade a hornet's nest.—P. 80, l. 22.

I perfectly agree with my friend Mr. Colt, (whose name does so much honour to the title-page of this work) about the way of treating the hornets, whose stings I have made up my mind to encounter; not doubting but thousands of them will be pointed against me. And while I face the foe, under the sanction of his name, I will also march under his

banner ; assuming his crest (an arm in the act of throwing a dart) and his motto,—*transfigam* ;—fit badges of the *bellum internecinum*, in which I am likely to be engaged. As his letter, allowing me this liberty, is at once replete with genuine humour, and breathes a pure spirit of independence (which is, indeed, essential to true wit), I therewith conclude these notes.

COPY.

“ Dear Sir,—If my name will be of any use in piloting ENCHIRIDION CLERICUM through the tempestuous world, the author has my free concurrence in using it. And I assure you that I dread not the hornets. They may buzz about my ears ;—but if they venture to sting, I must serve them as I would other insects,—*tread them under foot*. I would advise the author to provide some large pins, and if they attack him, transfix them to the wall (in imitation of Sir Joseph Banks). Therefore, as he is going to use my name, my crest and motto (*Transfigam*) ought to accompany it.”

THE END.

